

THE LISTENER, 21 DECEMBER 1932

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The Listener



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How Unemployment Insurance Works

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

Sir William Beveridge's explanatory talk has been followed up by a broadcast discussion on the Means Test, between Captain Harold Macmillan, M.P., and Mr. James Maxton, M.P., which we shall report in next week's issue

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was no permanent public provision for the unemployed in this country, except under the Poor Law. There was a temporary and experimental Unemployed Workmen's Act of 1905 (now repealed) under which relief work could be organised. But, apart from this, the man or woman dependent on earnings, whose earnings ceased through unemployment, had no resource short of the Poor Law, other than private savings, the help of relations and friends, or possibly the unemployed benefit provided by a trade union. In 1911, State insurance against unemployment was introduced—a small weekly payment (the original figure was only 7s.) for a strictly limited number of weeks of unemployment. That was never meant to be a complete provision for the unemployed; it was too small in itself, and the limitation of time made it possible that men might run through their benefit before they regained employment. Experience had shown, however, that a similar system of limited trade union benefits did, in combination with their other resources, enable unemployed trade unionists to avoid recourse to the Poor Law. The State benefit of 1911 was an extension of the trade union system, like it claimable as of right on account of contributions paid, irrespective of the other resources of the unemployed man.

The 1911 Insurance Scheme

The insurance scheme of 1911 applied only to certain

trades. If the War had not come, it would have been extended gradually. In 1920 it was applied at once and generally to nearly all trades—broadly speaking, to nearly all employed persons except those in private domestic service or in agriculture. The benefit was still meant to be claimable as a right, in respect of contributions paid, but only for a limited period; if the workman remained out of work after he had exhausted benefit, he was to get no help from public funds except under the Poor Law. The general scheme, however, never functioned in this way. It was launched at the beginning of one of the worst slumps in our economic history (the worst perhaps till the slump which we are experiencing today). It appeared certain that a large proportion of men would not qualify for benefit under it, or would at once exhaust their rights. To meet this, there was added to the insurance scheme proper a system of extended benefit, that is, payments to be made by the same machinery of the Labour Exchanges, at the same rates, to men who had exhausted their insurance claims. The conditions under which these extended benefits could be obtained and the name by which they were known have been varied repeatedly since they were first introduced, as the insurance scheme itself has varied. There is no need to describe these changes. By the middle of last year there was reached the position that the Labour Exchanges were paying out money allowances for unemployment, however long continued, at rates yielding for man, wife and two children, just under 30s. a week. From the point of view of the Labour Exchanges, these payments were of two kinds: insurance benefit which they

charged to the Unemployment Fund, and transitional payments (to men who had been insured but had exhausted their claims) which they charged ultimately to the National Exchequer. From the point of view of the recipients, there was no substantial difference between the two kinds of allowance; transitional payments were subject to periodical review, and a recipient might be required to take work of a kind which he could refuse while on insurance benefit. But these were minor distinctions. In essentials insurance benefit and transitional payments were the same, paid through the same machinery at the same rates, and equally irrespective of any other resources possessed by the unemployed person or his household.

Introduction of the Means Test

That was the position in September of last year, before the introduction of the Means Test by the National Government under the Economy Act. The Means Test means drawing once more a sharp distinction between insurance benefit claimable as of right during a limited period of unemployment in respect of contributions paid, and the help to be given by the State to persons who remain unemployed after that limited period has passed. Under the Means Test the amount of this help depends on the other resources of the unemployed person and his household; it cannot be claimed irrespective of means.

This distinction has been made in practice by calling in the Public Assistance Authorities to help the Exchanges. A person who runs through his claim to insurance benefit but otherwise satisfies the conditions for benefit (of being unemployed, able to work, and unable to obtain work) now has his need assessed by a Public Assistance Authority—that is to say, by one of the new local authorities established to administer the Poor Law, after the abolition of the Boards of Guardians in 1930. The Public Assistance Authorities, in assessing need, are required to deal with each case as if they were estimating the need of an unemployed able-bodied person who had applied to them for public assistance, but as if such assistance could only be given in money. This means that the Authorities are required to adopt in the assessment of transitional payments to be made from the National Exchequer just the same principles as they would apply in giving grants under the Poor Law at the cost of the local rates. The only substantial difference is that they cannot relieve in kind or require performance of a task of work; they can only fix a money payment after taking into account the other resources of the applicants. In doing so, moreover, they are required to apply the Poor Law principle that the primary responsibility for helping any individual in need is on the household of which that individual forms a part, and not on the State—that the State is to come in only when the household fails. They have to take into account the earnings or other income of all members of the household, of their savings, of their house and other property. They have to set these against the needs of the household as a whole.

This does not mean that all other resources have to be completely exhausted before an unemployed person can get any transitional payments. Various rules have been laid down as to the extent to which other resources of different kinds should be brought into account. A friendly society pension, for instance, has to be disregarded altogether. An accident compensation pension and a war disability pension may not be taken into account for more than half their amount, and need not be taken into account at all. The earnings of other members of the household have to be included in part only. Savings up to £25 do not come into account at all; for every complete £25 after that, 1s. a week is deducted from the payment that would otherwise be made. If a man owns the house in which he lives, the weekly value of that may be taken into account as saving him rent, but he is not required to sell or mortgage the house before he can get transitional payment.

Pros and Cons of the Test

That is a very brief outline of the present system. It is in substance what the majority of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance proposes for the future. It contemplates two stages in the relief of unemployment: first, an insurance benefit claimable as of right in respect of contributions paid irrespective of means; second, for those who have no claim to such benefit or have exhausted it, assistance from the State only after the household has done all that it can fairly be asked to do. As against that, the minority of the Commission lays down the principle that every citizen is entitled to find either an industrial system giving him an opportunity of work, or failing that a weekly payment by the State in place of wages so long as he is unemployed. The State can, if it chooses, raise funds to provide these payments by contributions in respect of employment. But these contributions are simply a form of taxation; they have nothing to do, and the other resources of the individual have nothing to do, with the right to wages or payment in lieu of wages.

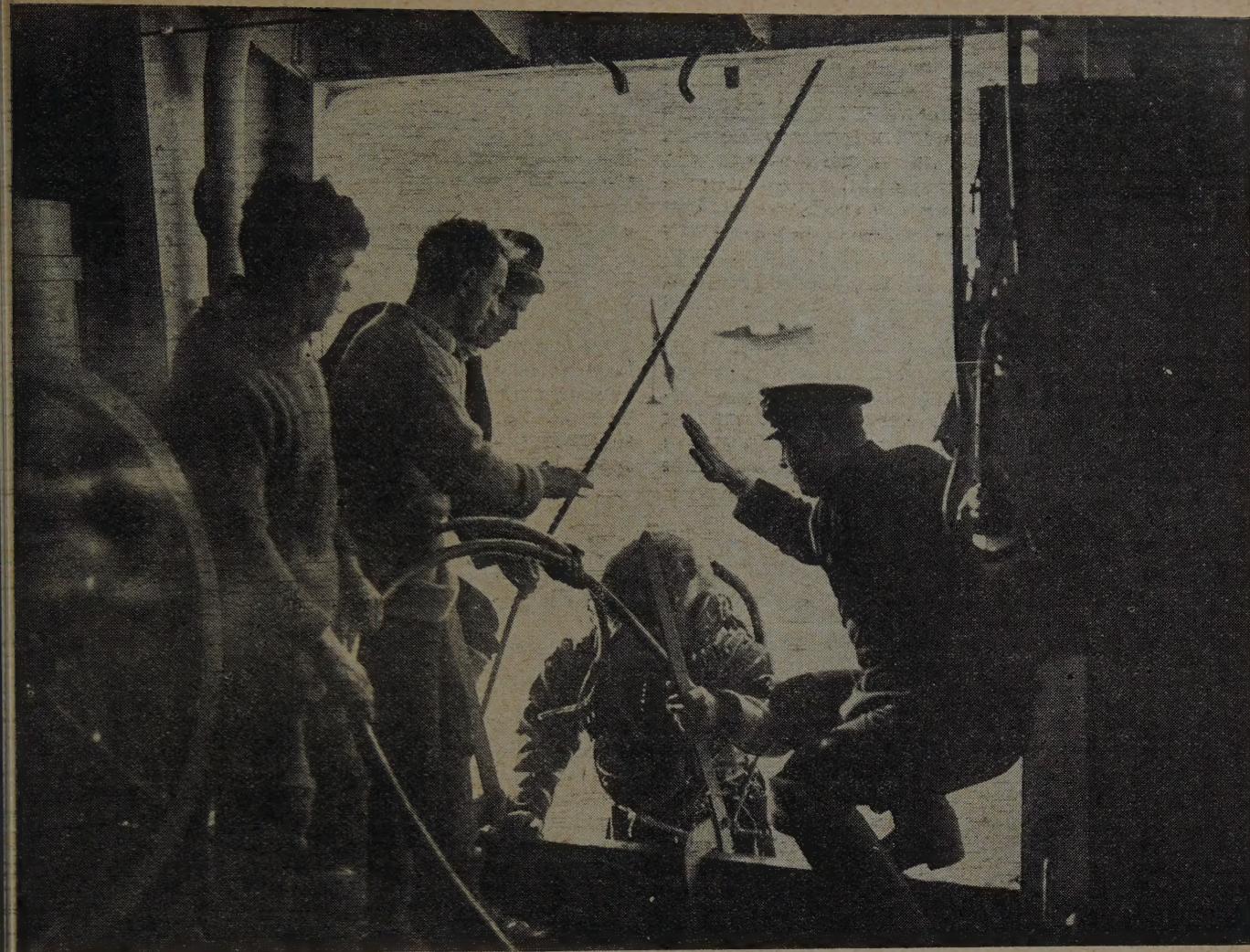
That is the Means Test issue. I am not going to debate the issue here. My business is to set the present position before you, and then to suggest a few questions that I should ask of those who attack and those who defend the Means Test. I should ask the attacker of the Means Test how he justifies his principle that the State must provide payment for unemployment, when the State is not in control of the industrial system; when the volume of unemployment depends not solely or mainly on the action of the State but in part upon the actions of the organisers of industry (whether bankers or traders or employers or trade union leaders), and in part also on the actions of individuals. I should ask him further whether he feels it expedient to let people when unemployed be better off than those who are working (as they easily may be without a Means Test); whether that can be done without threatening the present structure of society. I should ask him to explain just how far he is prepared to go in disregarding the family or the household as an economic unit.

On the other hand, one who defends the Means Test ought to deal with a number of difficult questions. First, the practical application of any test is by no means simple. What is a household? How are the necessary facts as to savings or other resources to be discovered? How can reasonable uniformity of procedure in different parts of the country be secured? Second, must not any Means Test whatever have some tendency to discourage thrift, because to some extent it implies that a person who has saved gets less than one who has not saved. A third difficulty—the greatest of all—is that the money allowances which it seems safe or possible to make even apart from any Means Test are not in themselves enough to live on. As most people know, last year's 30s. for man, wife and two children has now been lowered to something like 27s. 3d.; to reduce the allowances further by a Means Test wherever there are other resources may mean severe privation and something like slow starvation if unemployment lasts indefinitely.

A Choice of Evils

I do not believe myself that those questions can be answered satisfactorily on either side. In other words, one cannot make a good job of relieving prolonged unemployment simply by money payments. Means Test or no Means Test, it is only a choice of what we ought to regard as equally intolerable evils. Those who studied this problem of unemployment before the War—men of the most advanced socialistic ideas and those who were confirmed individualists—united in opposing money doles as a proper treatment for prolonged unemployment. The small benefits of the trade unions or the original insurance scheme served their purpose just because they were meant for temporary unemployment only, intended to cover a

(Continued on page 911)



Diver being lowered from *H.M.S. Tedworth* during salvage operations on the *M2*. The flag-buoy marks the actual position of the submarine

Diving Operations on the *M2*

By HENRY SWALES

Mr. Swales, who was in charge of the greater portion of the salvage operations on the *M2*, gives here an idea of some of the difficulties encountered in the efforts to raise the submarine

SUBMARINE *M2* sank on January 26, and at 3 o'clock next morning the first dive was made in an attempt to save the lives of the crew. The first thing we had to do was to try to locate the wreck so as to establish communication by tapping out the Diver's Code, and then connect an air-pipe to one of the divers' connections on the submarine. Only a small party of divers was sent, and some of the most difficult and dangerous dives were carried out during this search. Mine-sweepers were employed, and whenever one of these ships caught an obstruction on the bottom, a diver was sent down to investigate. His only way was down the sweep wire, which was seldom anywhere near the ideal diving position—that is to say, plumb—but had to be kept at an angle of 45 degrees to prevent it slipping off the obstruction. This, and the fact that the divers were sent down at all states of the tide, made their job very difficult. For instead of the diver going down in an upright position, he usually had to haul himself down almost flat on his back, and when he reached the bottom he still had to haul himself along the wire to the obstruction, to find out whether it was the *M2* or not. Then he had to struggle back to the surface. Divers, as you may know, are only allowed to come up in stages, and the number of stages and length of time of each are governed by the depth of the dive and the time spent on the bottom. Under these conditions the ascents were tedious and often painful. A great many of these dives were carried out day and night, and the heavy diving pumps and equipment

had to be carried from sweeper to sweeper whenever an obstruction was found. They all ended in disappointment, until a diver was sent down from the diving tender *Tedworth*, and located the *M2*. But by this time all hope of saving life had been given up.

Diving conditions then became slightly better. The diving tender was moved to a better position, and heavy wires with mark buoys were attached to the wreck, one at each end and one in the centre. An examination of the submarine was then begun. This proved to be difficult and dangerous, for few divers had worked on a wreck at 110 feet in such strong currents. When they reached the deck of the wreck, the divers had to wait until they got their sense of direction, and when they moved off to their job, they would find themselves entangled in such things as masses of aerial wire, sweep wires, bent stanchions, and so on. A thing which soon became a positive nightmare to everyone was a 30-foot spar, with a buoy, a length of wire and a $\frac{1}{2}$ -cwt. sinker attached to it, swinging about with the tide about twenty feet above the divers' heads. A number of divers got badly fouled by it, and it seemed as if they would never find out what was holding it to the wreck. Then at last one of them reported, 'Got it! Coming up!' and a moment later the nightmare arrived on the surface. The diver had found that a small shackle was holding the whole thing by the merest thread of screw; as soon as he touched it, it was released and rose to the surface. The wreck was then cleared as far as possible of anything else

that might foul the divers, including an aeroplane from the submarine hangar. Selected divers were called in, and serious salvage work began under much improved diving conditions.

It is impossible to describe all the amazing work that has been done, or the dangers and risks taken. Some of the *M2*'s hatches were found partially open, and had either to be opened fully, fitted with a blowing standard and sealed with cement, or shut down with 'jacks' and strongbacks, and sealed in the same way. The sealing of the torpedo hatch was our best achievement in that line. It had to be closed down, fitted with twin strongbacks made of railway lines, about five feet long, screwed hard down with a jack, and sealed with $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of cement. The cement was sent down ready mixed in various sized bags, which were placed on the hatch, and then loose cement was sent down in an ordinary fish-kettle to fill up the corners. The diver who placed most of this cement became known as the 'Cement King'. You can imagine his disappointment when his job sprang a leak later on, and he was sent down again with others to remove the $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of cement with pneumatic rock-drills and road-breakers. Holes had to be burnt

in the sides of the *M2* with an oxyhydro torch, so that salvage patches could be fitted, and this became a little more dangerous as time went on, due to explosions of the accumulated gases in the wreck. These explosions became very severe and alarming, especially during night dives. On several occasions divers were blown away from their work, but they always returned to it, except when one diver's hand was split, his suit torn and the head of the torch blown off. His own nerve and coolness, however, and the ready organisation for dealing with such emergencies, prevented this accident from having serious results.

The jobs I have told you about, and finally the sinking and placing of the pontoons, could not have been undertaken if we had not had that complete understanding between all parties of the salvage corps. I am happy to say that in 1,450 dives, covering ten months of strenuous work, there has not been any fatal or even serious damage to anyone, and only a few minor cases of the dread nitrogen poisoning have occurred. The spirit of the divers has been of the highest standard throughout, and even now, after three terribly bitter disappointments, they would be willing and ready to start again.

The Broadcasting of Music—I

By ADRIAN C. BOULT

The first of three lectures recently given by the Music Director of the B.B.C. to the Royal Institution of Great Britain

IN the B.B.C. we have come to use the word 'Programme' in two separate ways. The expression 'programme of a concert' is understood by everyone; but the word is also used in a much wider sense to express every kind of material that is put over the ether for the benefit of listeners. In this way 'Programme Branch' has been chosen for the title of the group of people who are in charge of everything that is transmitted, whether church service, production, poetry-reading, football match, vaudeville or music. A slight extension of this has recently been made in that the Talks Branch has been separated for administrative purposes, but the principle remains the same. My chief, therefore, is the Director of Programmes, and music occupies rather more than two-thirds of the whole time available.

The function of one of the immediate lieutenants of the Director of Programmes is to keep a diary of the Programme Branch. I have never seen this document; I do not know whether it exists; but I always like to think of an enormous diary, bound possibly in vellum with gold lettering, taking charge and count of all the B.B.C. programme commitments. It is, of course, highly important that this diary should not get too full. It is only events of national importance that go into it, for otherwise congestion would be great and impossible to handle at the moment when the programme of the week must be crystallised. That moment occurs about seven weeks ahead of the week in question, and the contents of the diary have then to be transferred on to a sheet for the week. All the fixed points are then added; among these, of course, come all the talks which take place in series at exactly the same moment week after week, such things as symphony concerts, church services, etc. It is then necessary to apportion out the rest of the material available. There may perhaps be a wireless play diagonalised—that is, played on the National and Regional wavelengths on successive days—and finally there are all the musical activities of the week to be fitted in in such a way that there is first a reasonable balance between the alternative wavelengths, and secondly a reasonable contrast on each particular wavelength, as the day goes on.

Above and beyond these practical considerations of programme-building, the whole body of programmes must be so chosen and arranged as to implement the general programme policy of the B.B.C.; in other words the gigantic crossword-puzzle must not merely be solved—it must have a definite meaning when it is finished. There must also be correlation between the programme activities and experience in London and the B.B.C.'s parallel activities throughout the country, again with an eye to the varied problems of programme balance. The scheme for the week thus sketched is then handed to the different departments, and we musicians must consider how we can artistically fill the spaces, allocate the various groups of the orchestra and other resources into these periods, and set about the engagement of artists and building of programmes.

The complexity of this process is considerable. To begin with, as regards the choice of work: as far as possible, it has to be arranged that there should be a minimum of overlapping between the programmes that we make and the programmes that we take from the provinces or from outside concerts. One has to see, for instance, that within reasonable limits the symphonies, say, of Beethoven, are performed in rotation, and at any rate that none of them gets unduly neglected or unduly repeated. You will appreciate that there are then various departmental experts to be considered; organ music, for instance, is in the hands of one member of the Music Department; chamber music of another; contemporary music, if there is to be a modern programme in the week, is naturally in the hands of an expert; and then there is the group whose function it is to deal with the artists we engage. Here, again, the programme question comes up; for though we naturally want our artists to sing and play what they like best, it is most unfortunately true that almost all pianists want to play the same thing, and the same song would occur again and again if the proposals put up by singers were always adhered to. We also find that many performers have a most rudimentary idea of what suits them: though they, of course, say that *our* ideas in all this are most extraordinary. All this naturally means a certain amount of correspondence which has to be done in a week or two, and you will realise that as the completed programme must be ready at least a fortnight before the week begins, there is not much time for all these processes.

Finally there is the complication of the orchestra. I will deal with this at the next lecture, but you will realise here that the orchestral manager has an important part to play in the arrangement of orchestral programmes, as for every programme there is a different sized orchestra, and it would not do to arrive at rehearsal and find that the third flute or harp was missing, or that there was one too many of some other instrument.

The Ideal Programme

And now, what is the ideal programme, and how can it be described by the rules laid down for its making? The problem has puzzled me for years, and I still find it almost impossible to make rules for its construction. It is obvious that we must start where every work of art must start, with the two elements of unity and diversity. Perhaps we can best take an example. Let us say we are asked to provide an orchestral programme opposite—that is to say, on the other wavelength from—a vaudeville show. That means that our programme can be fairly serious, in fact; we might perhaps call it a symphony concert if it does not take place at a time when outside symphony concerts are being frequently relayed. We discover, perhaps, that a very distinguished pianist is to be in England for a few days at the time under discussion, and as these few days do not include a Sunday (for, as you have possibly noticed, Sunday afternoon is a peak point for solo recitals), it might be advisable

to give this artist a concerto in this particular concert. We have, say, only one and a quarter hours at our disposal; the concerto would probably take twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, and so we had better not put a symphony into this programme also, though it is possible that a Mozart or Haydn might go in fairly well. Let us suppose our soloist is a great player of Mozart—then we shall have a Mozart concerto. That will naturally come second in the programme. What shall we put in front? Not exactly a Wagner overture, but something more in keeping, perhaps Gluck. We now have thirty-five minutes to fill, and have to follow Mozart. Now if we are going to ask our soloist to play a group of pianoforte pieces, say, of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the problem is simplified because we will finish after that quarter of an hour with something short and rather more modern and lively, which will not be difficult to find—Russian? Act III 'Lohengrin'?—but between the concerto and the pianoforte group we shall still have to find something not too far away from Mozart, but which will lead on to what will probably be a mixed group of pianoforte pieces. I would suggest here something like the Schubert Rosamunde Ballet Music, or perhaps the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music, or possibly the 'Siegfried Idyll'—not too modern, but at the same time definitely taking us forward in period from Mozart. We then carefully write to our great soloist. He says that nothing will induce him to play a Mozart concerto! The only concerto he can play at all nowadays is the Schumann. Well, Gluck, Schumann, Mendelssohn is not too bad, but I should be more inclined to alter the overture, and perhaps it might be a good opportunity to replace the Mendelssohn or Schubert dramatic music we had thought of by something more modern which would come appropriately after the Schumann, and which calls for a hearing at the moment.

The Symphony Concerts

I wonder if any of you are thinking that all this is rather tedious and ridiculous? I am bound to agree that it might perhaps be too much of a good thing to go into this detail if one were just making a programme, say, for the annual concert of a school or village choral society, but the position is very much altered when you think that every particular programme is part of the enormous scheme which embraces the whole of the B.B.C.'s activities in any year. I think we should be very much open to criticism if we just strung our programmes together day by day anyhow, without giving them proper thought, though I am bound to say it would save all of us a great deal of time and worry. Let us look for a moment at the series of eighteen Symphony Concerts. It is obvious that many subscribers will not wish to book themselves for every Wednesday night through the winter. We therefore decided that it was necessary to arrange some kind of subscription whereby people could come to every third Wednesday. The question then arose as to whether the three series, which were called A, B and C, should provide the maximum of diversity for each subscriber, or should have its own character in order to appeal each to a different group of listeners. The second alternative was chosen and the motive for Series A is definitely classical in character. Series B is modern, and Series C more mixed, with a sprinkling both of the romantic and the modern. What has happened? People are, of course, flocking to the classical series. Now all these Wednesday concerts are broadcast on the National wavelength. You will agree that the appropriate balance to this is that the secondary Symphony Concerts, which take place every Sunday at nine o'clock should go on to the Regional wavelength. We have had a good deal of criticism about this, but I do not think there is any doubt as to the rightness of the decision, particularly in view of the fact that Sunday evening is perhaps the time when most people listen, and one can assume that a large majority of people prefer, at any rate sometimes, rather lighter fare to a Symphony Concert. Now the character of these Sunday Symphony Concerts is a little simpler than the character of the Queen's Hall concerts. We assume that the Sunday music lover is not quite so enterprising musically, and we therefore think it best to put here many of the well-known and well-loved items regularly year after year, and also to see that we do not give too large a dose of any one thing. I mean to say that, generally speaking, we should prefer a symphony of half-an-hour rather than one which lasts forty or fifty minutes. We also feel that where the Wednesday Symphony Concerts demand the co-operation of the greatest artists that can be got throughout the world, our Sunday

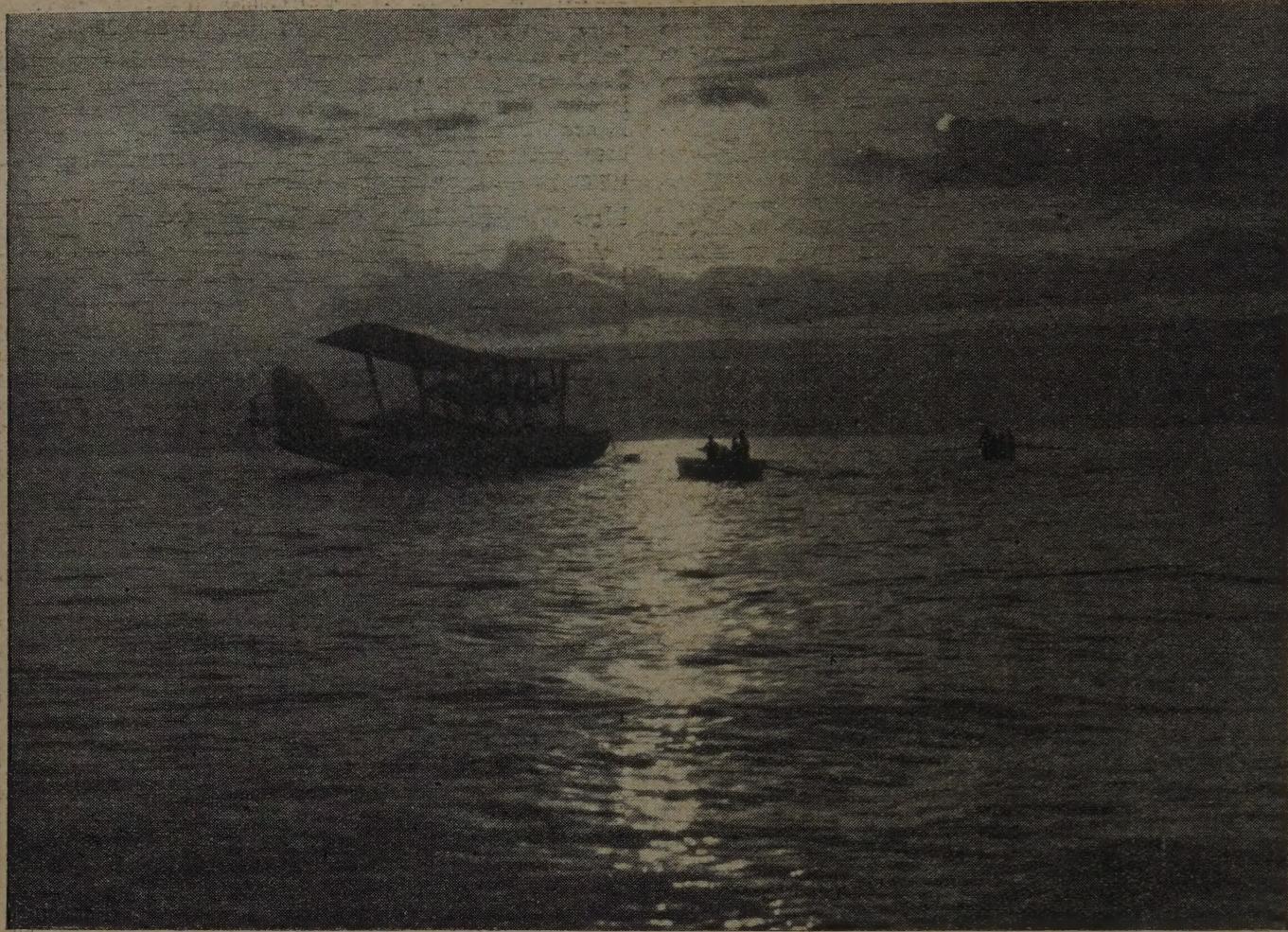
concerts, though we occasionally welcome a foreigner to them, should be, we feel, more open to the many excellent British artists who are at our disposal. There is further the Promenade series, where again the great classical ground is covered under the guidance of our splendid friend Sir Henry Wood. There may be a certain amount of overlapping between these and the Sunday series, but at the same time we try and make them complementary to each other.

New Works and New Composers

And now what about the new composer? Every year we have a series, once a month through the winter, of what we call Contemporary Concerts, partly chamber and partly orchestral. Here outstanding novelties from Europe are performed, sometimes by their composers, or by friends of the composers who may be considered to have specialised in these performances, and here too there are two or three programmes devoted to the most modern expression of English music. You may be interested to hear how these are built up. In regard to the compositions of well-known composers, I think it would be true to say, taking the B.B.C. music staff as a whole, we are all of us in one way or another in personal contact with the composers in this country who count. It is not likely that any of them would be planning an important new work without one of us knowing about it.

Now, what about the younger men, the unknown composers who are trying to write? Are we helping them adequately? A great many people think we are not, and perhaps therefore you will allow me to tell you what we do. Every February an enormous pile of new manuscript scores accumulates at the B.B.C., and three or four of our most sensitive and critical musicians are relieved of a good deal of their work in order that they may spend their time going through these new scores. The harvest is not great—in fact it is distressingly small—and I know that some of my composer friends consider that the B.B.C. is very much to blame for this. I wonder if we are? It is always hard to draw a line in cases of this kind, and it would not be difficult for me to tell our judges to draw their line somewhat lower and accept more work. As it is, a certain number of border-line works or works whose scoring does not readily give the judge an opportunity of hearing how it would come off, are put down for some special rehearsals which are devoted to new works, under the guidance of a competent conductor, usually in the presence of the composer, and the decision taken after hearing them; and I must, I am afraid, emphasise what is at a moment's thought obvious to everybody, that the B.B.C. exists primarily for the benefit of its listeners and not for the benefit of young composers, any more than for young performers and conductors. The standard of playing in this country has increased enormously during the last few years, and we are quite satisfied that listeners will not put up with a continuous supply of second or third-rate performers. A deputation of professionals once said to us, 'Surely the performer has got to come on to the books of the B.B.C. *via* the musical profession, and must not be allowed to get into the musical profession *via* the B.B.C.' I feel it is equally true, or almost equally true, that the composer cannot expect the B.B.C. to give performances of immature efforts to the neglect of Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn. I myself am not particularly interested in first performances as such. I feel it is more important to give second and third performances of important new works rather than to let it have a first performance and then be allowed to drop, as has often occurred in the past. We do not therefore go hunting about for first performances, though, of course, if these are offered to us we make opportunities for doing them. There is thus only one first performance in our Symphony Series this season—Vaughn Williams' Piano Concerto, though we are seizing the opportunity of repeating Mr. Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast', which made a great impression last year.

I cannot pass this point without referring to the splendid work done by the Patron's Fund at the Royal College of Music, founded many years ago by my friend Sir Ernest Palmer. Here composers are allowed to submit works which, if passed, are read through by a first-class orchestra under a first-class conductor and given a certain time for repetition and rehearsal. This has been a means of helping young composers forward, and I know of many cases where works, which were originally performed at the Patron's Fund, have found their way into the Promenades and Symphony Concerts and other B.B.C. programmes.



Seaplane on the Sea of Galilee

The New Palestine

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

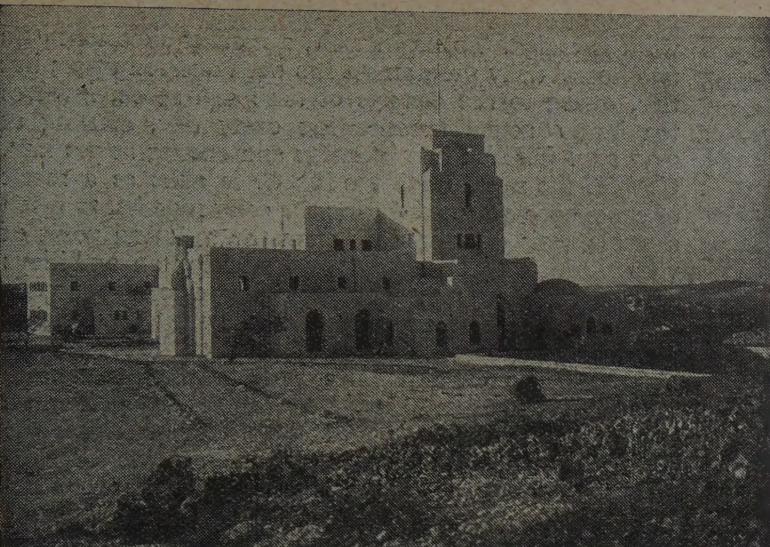
PALESTINE, hitherto regarded as interesting because of its sacred sites and Biblical associations, is being rapidly westernised. Everywhere twentieth-century methods are being adopted. Jerusalem is no longer a dream city, appealing only to pilgrims interested in its holy places: it is a modern go-ahead metropolis, boasting of its university, colleges, schools, hospitals, hotels, restaurants, cinemas, possessing in fact all the amenities of an up-to-date city. The once quiet little retreat of Haifa, nestling under the shadow of Mount Carmel, upon whose summit Elijah met and confounded the prophets of Baal, is today a great industrial centre, the Birmingham as it were of the Holy Land. A first-class harbour is being built; the waters of the River Jordan, where Christ was baptised, now turn huge turbines, generating electricity to supply the land with light and power. The country boasts its aerodromes, and twice a week come airplanes bringing mails and passengers from London and other continental cities. The towns and villages throughout the country have been linked up with macadamised roads suitable for modern motor traffic. The peasant farmer with his plough and reaping-hook, for so long a fascinating and picturesque phase of the land, carrying the mind back to Bible days, is being rapidly superseded by the more enterprising and skilled Jewish agriculturist with his tractor and modern harvest and reaping-machine. Not least, the country has its own coinage and postage stamps, and uses three official languages—English, Hebrew and Arabic.

This westernisation of the Holy Land has been accomplished in just over a decade; indeed, many of the activities outlined above have been carried out within the last five or six years. Yet we should remember that when Great Britain took over the country from Turkey after the War the land was bankrupt, and law and order were at a discount. To restore order out of chaos and establish a stable government was in itself a big undertaking. All along the work has been hampered by many difficulties. There have been serious conflicts between the Arabs and the Jews, and knotty problems have arisen over the rights

of this sacred shrine and that, for it must be borne in mind that Jerusalem is the meeting place of three great faiths—Judaism, Mohammedanism and Christianity. It is a city of three 'Sundays', Friday being the Moslem Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and Sunday the Christian.

Today we have a greater Jerusalem outside the walls than within, a city worthy of its historic site. For the first time since the days of the Romans Jerusalem has become a Jewish city, 57 per cent. of its 90,000 population being Jews. Outside the old walls, which enclose an area of 208½ acres, where we find the Temple Area, the Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Via Dolorosa, the Bible city which people come to see, there have arisen splendid residential sections, with beautiful thoroughfares, fine public buildings, gorgeous hotels, institutions, colleges and schools. How Greater Jerusalem has grown is evidenced when it is stated that it has already spread one-third of the way to Bethlehem on the south, the greater part of the way to Ain Karim, the birthplace of John the Baptist, on the west, and on the north to the foot of Mount Scopus, where stands the British War Cemetery. Curiously enough, this modern development of the Holy City follows closely the description of the rebuilding of Jerusalem as given in Jeremiah.

Of Jerusalem's many fine new buildings, mention must be made of the Hebrew University, unique in that it is the first modern university to be founded in Jerusalem. It occupies a commanding site on Mount Scopus, is non-political in character, and has at present some 300 students, all Jews, drawn from various parts of the world. One of its principal tasks is to produce a Hebrew dictionary which will be acceptable to all Jews. This is not so easy as it appears, for among the Jews there are many sects and between them Hebrew has become a kind of jargon. Many fine buildings have been erected by religious institutions and charitable organisations, the latest of these being the new Y.M.C.A. building which Lord Allenby will shortly open. A feature of this building is a graceful central tower soaring 165

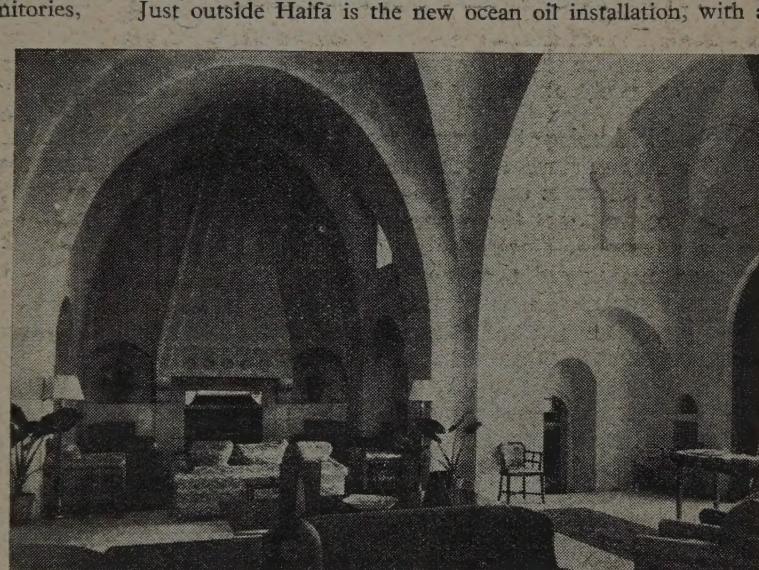


New Government House in Jerusalem: the design, carried out in white stone, is an appropriate blend of eastern and western architecture

feet into space, from the balcony of which splendid panorama views of the Holy City and the surrounding country are obtained. A sum of £400,000 is said to have been spent upon this single edifice, which will boast of extensive dormitories, class-rooms, workshops, halls for lectures and services, tennis courts, sports ground and swimming bath. Hitherto the High Commissioner has been housed in a German hospice on the Mount of Olives. Now a special residence has been erected, to accommodate Britain's official representative, known as Government House, occupying the highest point on the southern side of the city, a spot which was entirely barren of trees and habitations when the building was begun three years ago. It is of white stone, and the design is a pleasing blend of eastern and western architecture.

Much of the activity in Palestine today is due largely to Jewish initiative. Down on the coast above Jaffa the Jews have reared a modern city, Tell-Aviv, the first purely Jewish city to arise since the days of the Romans. It has a population of 45,600 souls, all Jews. It boasts of its hotels, restaurants, synagogue, hospital and schools, electric light and other modern conveniences. It is fast becoming a busy industrial centre, over seventy different enterprises having been founded within the last few years for the manufacture of various textiles, shoes, hats, thread, stoves, corks, mirrors, electric batteries, leather goods, furniture, and a host of other commodities. It has just held an International Fair in which twenty-nine countries were represented.

How the country is going ahead is evidenced by the recently completed hydro-electric generating station on the banks of the Jordan. The scheme owes its inception to the initiative of a Russian Jew, Mr. P. Rutenberg. The station was recently visited by Lord and Lady Reading, Lord Reading being chairman of the corporation controlling the enterprise. The site of the new power house is at Jisr-el-Mujameh, lying a few miles to

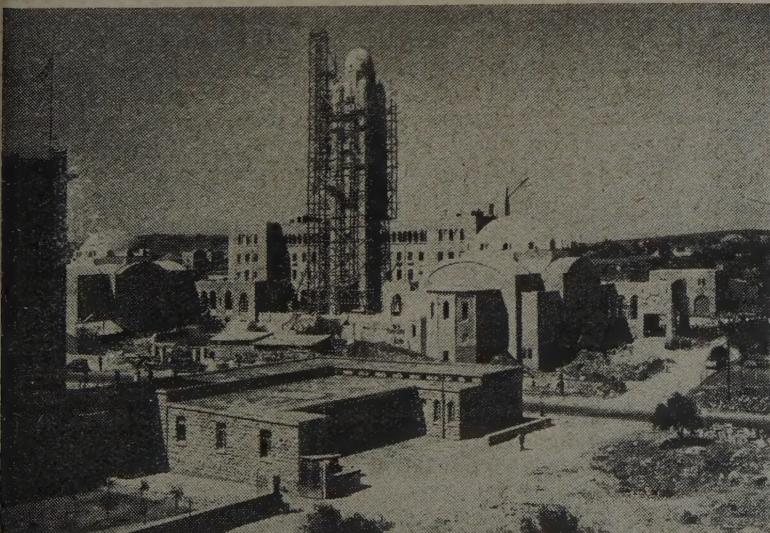


Reception room in Government House: the curving arch design is typical of Palestine architecture

total capacity of seven million gallons of liquid fuel. Its giant tanks are a conspicuous landmark for miles around. They are linked with the sea by pipe lines 6,000 feet long, 2,500 feet of which run out under the sea and along the bottom of Haifa Bay, into water deep enough to take big, ocean-going tank steamers. Oil will be brought to the tanks from the oilfields of Mosul by a special pipe line which is now being laid across six hundred miles of desert and barren country. In the near future the ships of the British navy will come to Haifa for their oil fuel. Haifa is the headquarters of the Palestine railways, and a line is now to be built across the desert to Bagdad. This will open up new trade routes to Persia and Afghanistan and eventually become the roadway to India. When the railway is built it will cut the distance by the Suez Canal route to Bagdad, Basra, and Karachi by about half.

Finally, as an instance of this rapid development of Palestine, mention should be made of the transformation which is being effected at the Dead Sea. This hitherto barren and dreary spot is being converted into a health and pleasure resort. Upon its northern shores piers and bathing establishments are being built, as well as a modern hotel and restaurant. More important is the recent installation of an extensive plant for recovering salts and potash. Shortly something like five hundred tons of potash will be exported daily as well as other valuable by-products.

Thus Palestine, hitherto looked upon as of interest principally because of its Biblical associations, is being rapidly westernised and converted into a busy, hustling, go-ahead country.



The new Y.M.C.A. building in Jerusalem; which will contain extensive dormitories, classrooms, workshops, gymnasium and swimming bath



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates: Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Empire Broadcasting Starts

ON Monday of this week the Empire Broadcasting Station started to transmit regular programmes to all parts of the Empire at times suitable and convenient for reception locally. And next Sunday afternoon, December 25 (Christmas Day), His Majesty the King will, through this same channel, broadcast a message to the peoples of the Empire and to all British citizens wherever they may be throughout the length and breadth of the world. No public service could start under a happier augury than is afforded by this timely conjunction of circumstances—that the opening of the Empire Station should have preceded by so short a space of time the occasion on which His Majesty the King has graciously consented to broadcast his first Christmas message.

One feature of the troublous times through which we are now passing is that, in spite of contemporary scientific achievements making for closer and more intimate contact between nations and peoples, there is in all countries a noticeable tendency towards a certain self-centredness of outlook. The phase, let us hope, is a passing one, but the speed of its passing should be accelerated. Broadcasting in the first ten years of its existence, whatever failings may be attributed to it, cannot be accused of having neglected the opportunities which have come its way of improving the understanding between the peoples of Europe. Broadcast communication between ourselves and the continents other than Europe has been slower in development, but with the initiation of a regular Empire Broadcasting Service one further objective is reached. We can now bring ourselves into close contact at least with the Dominions and Colonies, and endeavour to share with them whatever is best and most worth while in our way of life. It becomes possible, moreover, through the Empire Service to project a picture of life and conditions from one Dominion to another; but the work will not be completed until the day comes—and we hope this will not be far distant—when our Dominions and Colonies will have at their disposal the means wherewith to transmit to us programmes of their own in return for what we are privileged to send them now.

Considerable space has been devoted in the pages of our contemporaries, *World-Radio* and *Radio Times*, to the scheme whereby it has been made possible, by broadcasting at varying times in London, to give programmes

to every listener throughout the Empire after his day's work is ended. To begin with, a modest allotment of a two hours' daily programme has been decided upon; but this, owing to the dictates of time and space, involves ten hours' actual broadcasting every day, starting at 9.30 a.m. G.M.T. one morning and ending at 3.0 a.m. G.M.T. the next. Until the B.B.C. is able, as a result of experience obtained during the early months, to reach a stable basis of operations from the technical point of view, little is to be gained by launching an ambitious scheme of programmes or providing extensive broadcasting hours. The experience of the next few critical weeks will demonstrate the possibilities of the future; but if the evidence of the preliminary tests which took place in late November and early December is any guide, the outlook is not unpromising, and we may anticipate the establishment of a carefully planned scheme of programmes before next year is far advanced. The co-operation of overseas listeners will be the most powerful factor in deciding the future and determining the rate of progress, and the greater the volume of reasoned and instructive correspondence that is received on technical and programme matters, the easier will be the task of those whose duty it is to supervise the service. May we appeal, therefore, to our readers in this country with friends and relations overseas and those actually resident in the Dominions and Colonies and foreign countries, to assist in a work which, if successful, cannot but be a comfort and solace to the dweller in the remoter parts of the Empire, and a means of strengthening the link which binds together all of us who share the heritage of a common tongue and origin.

Week by Week

SINCE we wrote last week's comment on the Carlton Gardens controversy, much has been heard in the Press and in Parliament both on the questioned necessity of destroying No. 4, and on the procedure which makes it possible for the destruction to be accomplished before an effective discussion on the matter can take place. Sir Reginald Blomfield, architect of the proposed new No. 4, has proclaimed his opinion of Nash and his colleagues ('they managed to get over an immense amount of space with a very slight expenditure of thought'); his designs for rebuilding the whole site have been published in *The Times*; and he has been pertinently reminded that as several of the leases run for another twenty, thirty or fifty years, his design would not in any case be completed until it is as unsuited to the needs of 1932 as he says the present buildings are for 1932. The *Architects' Journal* has collected the opinions of present tenants, of architects and M.P.s, which show an overwhelming feeling that the decision of the Commissioners of Crown Lands is justified neither by the alleged unsuitability of the houses to present needs, nor by the state of the nation's finances. One of the strongest arguments for the tenants is brought forward by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Mr. A. C. Bossom, who remark that if the exteriors of the houses are in a bad state of repair the Commissioners have only themselves to blame for using paint which on analysis is proved to be deficient; and other tenants with understandable bitterness show that the Commissioners are violating the unwritten rule that landlords do not let houses for a purpose from which their other tenants are precluded by the express terms of their leases.

As for the state-of-the-nation's-finances argument—are the Commissioners (who in 1931-32 showed a surplus of £1,243,107 of revenue over expenditure, and in 1930-31 a surplus of £1,285,199) in fact going to add substantially to their income by rebuilding Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens for shops, banks and offices? A glance at the unlet premises in their own property of Regent Street suggests no very hopeful reply. But to take a broader view than the gain or loss of a few thousands by the Commissioners; in a town considered as a whole (which London seldom is) there is a place for offices and

a place for private houses. The sites available—and suitable—for offices are by no means exhausted. Lord Conway pointed out in the Lords last week that such a site can be found just across the river from Westminster: and expressed the wish that Sir Reginald Blomfield should turn his energies to redesigning the district between Waterloo and Lambeth Bridge instead of a site which has still to be proved unsuitable for modern residential needs. The tenants have shown they consider it suitable; and if there are one or two houses unlet out of so many, that is a smaller proportion than many London landlords have to face, and constitutes no argument for rebuilding all the rest.

* * *

The last year has inevitably seen a decline of travel for pleasure all over the civilised world owing to generally depressed economic conditions and the restrictions put upon the movements of funds. But it is very satisfactory to note the statement at the recent Annual Meeting of the Travel and Industrial Developments Association, that Britain seems to have suffered less than other countries in this respect. During the first nine months of 1932 the total number of foreign visitors to England showed a decrease of about 8 per cent. as compared with last year; but other foreign countries have lost a far higher proportion of their foreign tourists, the French in particular having officially estimated their loss during 1932 as 50 per cent. Moreover, the English figures take no account of weekend or day excursionists, whose numbers are not recorded officially; but the Southern Railway's records show that over thirty thousand week-end and day excursionists were brought over to this country during 1932 as against only eight thousand last year. According to the Trade Information Bulletin issued by the United States Department of Commerce, foreign visitors during 1931 (excluding day and week-end excursionists) contributed over £13,000,000 to Britain's invisible exports. The Prince of Wales, in his Speech at the Travel Association's meeting, not only spoke encouragingly of the work which the Association was doing to combat depression by giving international publicity to the best features of our national life, but also declared that the extension of the Association's work to include industrial publicity had justified itself. The Prince further referred to the stimulus which the Association is giving to the hotel industry through its publication of a British Hotel Guide with notes in five languages.

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Good work which is carried on quietly and persistently but without flourish often gets taken for granted by those who benefit from it. This should not be the case with the remarkable achievement of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association which, a fortnight ago, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. When it was started by the Earl of Meath in 1882, London was full of disused burial grounds and neglected squares which could not be used for building purposes but were no one's responsibility to care for. The Association, acting as the counterpart in London of the Commons Preservation Society in the country, carried on a ceaseless campaign to protect these precious open spaces and to turn them into public gardens and recreation grounds. In fifty years some eight hundred successful undertakings have been carried through, and London has benefited from the laying out of over two hundred and twenty public gardens and recreation grounds. As the present-day Londoner wanders through these pleasant open spaces, he is probably unaware of what London was like before this good work was commenced, and of the dismal desolation and aridity which would prevail had the work of preservation not been undertaken. By now the work in the centre of London has been established on a firm basis, but every year the circle of activity widens as Greater London spreads. Here is surely an association which deserves our fullest possible response to its appeal for funds to extend its functions.

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Recent developments in Empire broadcasting have reminded us of what might be called the B.B.C.'s regard for majorities: but there is no less regard, in the shaping of its policy and the planning of programmes, for the claims of minorities. The latest B.B.C. publication, *Broadcasting in Wales**, deals again with the efforts made to serve Welsh interests in the broadcast programmes. The Cardiff and Swansea transmissions have served only a small Welsh area, and have had to cater also for listeners in the West of England, so that the material used has

been 50 per cent. Welsh and 50 per cent. West Country. Each week there have been broadcast an evening programme, a Children's Hour, and several talks, all in Welsh; besides the monthly Welsh religious service and the weekly Welsh interlude transmitted through Daventry. The arrangements hitherto have not, however, been regarded as wholly satisfactory, and continuous experiment has taken place in the possibilities of providing a fuller service to Welsh listeners. A wireless station situated in the centre of Wales would not give adequate reception either to north or south, and it has finally been decided to build a high power station on the English side of the Bristol Channel, at Watchet, which will give a dual programme to the greatest possible number of listeners—about 75 per cent. of the population. The pamphlet gives an imposing list of Welsh artists and speakers who have taken part in Welsh broadcasts; of the members of the Welsh department who at present advise the Welsh Regional Director in regard to Welsh programmes; of the experts in various branches of broadcasting—music, drama, literature, etc.—who, from all parts of Wales, co-operate with the Welsh department; and of the members of the Welsh Religious Advisory Council, who, under the chairmanship of Mr. Lloyd George, help to prepare the monthly Welsh religious service from Daventry.

* * *

Plans for the new programme of late evening talks after the New Year are going well ahead. The two big series which we announced three weeks ago, on housing and unemployment, are due for Mondays and Fridays respectively, and the Prince of Wales has agreed to open the latter with a talk on January 6. 'Strange Music' is the title of the Wednesday series, which will be a mixture of talk and music. Experts in the country concerned will conduct listeners to Spain, Central and South Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Caucasia, Russia, India, China and Japan, to hear the characteristic music of the country and learn something of the background against which it is performed. These will be much on the lines of the talks given recently on South African music by Dr. Haden Guest and on Chinese by Mr. H. S. Ede—whose great popularity showed that the listener can thoroughly enjoy a holiday from jazz and an excursion into the new and unfamiliar rhythms of a Zulu chant or a Chinese flute melody. Mr. Vernon Bartlett will still be touring Europe in the New Year, and broadcasting on alternate Thursdays. He calls his series 'Leaders in Other Lands', and will hitch his talks on to some outstanding personality of the moment abroad, if possible persuading—as he so successfully persuaded President Masaryk the other day—the great man to come to the microphone himself. And the week will end with a snap, with the Saturday night discussions, 'Should They be Scrapped?' when public schools, alcohol, betting, cruel sports, big estates, death duties, science, the press, night clubs and the cat will all come in for what promises to be some lively attack and defence.

The Star in the West

Listen with me tonight, listen O tenderly
To the wordless wailing of yonder newborn child.
In vain his mother's arms enfold him and soothe
him,
In vain her voice murmurs the song of tireless love.

Why does he weep? Why will he not be comforted?
Here on the threshold of his life, what does he dread?
Is it the dimness of the stable where he lies,
Or the gaunt ox and ass, shadows of toil to come?

Presently will he not uplift his wond'ring eyes
To see the face that is to be his earthly rest?
Will not the shining star above his low roof stayed
Lighten his childish dream with serene rays of peace?

Dare not to ask!—unless ye dare also to hear
The story of his cross, his first and second death—
That men have murdered Night, and made stars of
their own,
And flung them down from heav'n, and Peace has
died by fire.



Foresight

PROFESSORS OF FORESIGHT

A SYMPOSIUM

On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the B.B.C., Mr. H. G. Wells broadcast a striking talk suggesting that we needed Professors of Foresight to anticipate and prepare for the consequences of new inventions and new devices. Mr. Wells complained that there was not a single Professor of Foresight in the world today; therefore THE LISTENER has invited a number of distinguished writers and thinkers to place themselves in the position which Mr. Wells requires, and probe the near future of those particular activities in which they are themselves specially interested. Thus Lord Melchett deals with industry; Lord Eustace Percy with the economic structure of society; C. S. Orwin, Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford, with agriculture and the countryside; Professor Crew, Director of the Institute of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh, with health in its widest aspect; Aldous Huxley with education; Le Corbusier, the brilliant French architect and town-planner, with cities and building; Professor Pear, who has made a study of the psychology of voice and personality, with speech; Bonamy Dobré, essayist, critic and connoisseur of the theatre, with entertainment; Professor Zimmern, philosopher and internationalist, with war and peace; and finally J. D. Bernal, Lecturer in Structural Crystallography in Cambridge and author of that glimpse into the future, 'The World, the Flesh and the Devil', foresees the future of foresight itself

Industry

THE HUMAN RACE TODAY is faced with entirely new conditions of existence. In its many thousand years of history it has for the most part been under the necessity of finding solutions for old problems in forms which have been varied by the country or the century in which they have arisen. This is not the case today. We are confronted by the dual problems of plenty and leisure, and we have to face them with an economic structure that has been evolved upon the basis of scarcity and intensive labour. These problems have arisen owing to the translation of scientific advance into industrial practice at an ever-increasing pace. That pace was accentuated by the War, during which period the vital necessities of the combatant nations had to be produced by novel methods and from novel sources, which were discovered as a result of intensive research by scientists throughout the world. For the first time in history the money which could be spent upon research was unlimited; the problems to be solved were clearly defined, the objects to be reached plainly delimited. As a result a wide general advance was made in the power which man has over nature, due to his ever-increasing knowledge. The effects of this increasing knowledge are cumulative to a very striking degree, and such knowledge is not only scientific in the strict sense of the word, but is largely and increasingly industrial. Every successful development in the laboratory which can be translated into industrial fact in the works points out a fresh avenue of advance, and the accumulated interaction of this increase rises at an alarming rate. It is not too much to say that if the scientists and the industrialists were endowed regardless of cost, there are very few material problems that they could not eliminate.

The restriction upon this rapid advance is the lag in the sciences of economics and politics, which have remained in a purely elementary condition. Nevertheless, the irresistible intellectual activity of the scientists, coupled with the enlightened self-interest of the industrialists, is the cause of continual progress in spite of the occasional periods of relapse such as we are now passing through. As the political and economic sciences catch up, the world will be faced for many decades at least with a tremendous improvement in its standard of living and its hours of leisure. Revolutions in human life—compared with which the discovery of the steam-engine, electricity and the internal-combustion engine, which Mr. Wells quotes, will be but trifling—will follow each other in rapid succession.

The principal studies of our universities and seats of learning will then be forced to change from the consideration of the past to the consideration of the future. It will be necessary to map out life, not six months or one year ahead, but ten, fifteen, twenty, or even fifty years ahead. The elimination of distance which Mr. Wells points out, will be followed by the widening of our power in Time. The discussion of the effect of the introduction of new industrial processes upon the standards of living, habits of life and hours of work of the population, will lead to clearer and more exact thought in the art of forecasting. That very art, which is still a novelty in industry today, will become a normal routine of the nations of the world within half a century. It will in fact probably constitute the object of the principal Department of State, becoming far more powerful and influential than is the Treasury in our present form of organisation. But long before the art or science of forecasting the tendencies of human life has reached the stage of a Government Department, it will be the subject of study in our schools and universities. The materials upon which this study must be based will become the subjects of discussion by learned professors, and the intellectual youth of the nation will be trained to think clearly and accurately ahead. They will be taught the future with greater exactitude, one hopes, than they have hitherto learned the past. Twenty years would not be too much, for instance, for the human race to give to the study of the effect of such a

phenomenon as unlimited power derived from atomic energy. Again, how should we organise the world if we discovered that the sub-tropical belts were capable of infinite cereal production at a cost of effort of less than a quarter of any other part of the globe?

At present it is clear that science is producing economic nationalism rather than internationalism. This will probably continue for anything up to fifty years, because the spread of scientific knowledge is increasing the economic independence of small political groups. In time this process will again reverse itself, and even greater discoveries will probably tend towards international economic interdependence, towards Mr. Wells' cosmopolis. Meanwhile, it seems to me that we ought to try to arrange the world in a few large, relatively self-sufficient and stable groups, of which the British Empire clearly offers the most promising opportunity of all existing human organisations. A United States of Europe might constitute another. In all, one might hope to see five or six such groups. They would have little cause to fight each other, and the prospect of the Empire conquering Europe, or *vice versa*, or either conquering the United States of America, would appear to be so extremely remote as to be beyond the consideration of practical politics in any condition of scientific knowledge.

Meanwhile, in the absence of a Faculty of Foresight anywhere in the world, the nations may come into conflict with each other as a result of pure ignorance of the possibilities of their friendly co-operation. Which seems a pity!

MELCHETT

Economics

I AM A LITTLE SURPRISED at Mr. H. G. Wells. He has been a notable prophet himself, and he ought to know the difficulties of the trade. The prophet's weakness is that he can predict the trend, and even the sequence, of events, but not the time when they will happen. This is, I think, an inherent weakness, however much we may try to intellectualise prophecy. But, to the practical man, the 'when' is nearly all that matters. Twenty years is only a moment in time; yet to build a road or a house twenty years before it is needed is not to exercise foresight, but to indulge in waste. The prophet says: 'This is bound to happen sometime', but to most men sometime means never; and, when the thing eventually does happen, even the prophet himself often does not recognise it. What we really lack is not the herald who warns us to expect an arrival, but the watchman who will announce the arrival itself. Man often foresees: he very seldom 'sees what he foresaw'.

There is a most interesting example of this at the present day. Every one of the earlier economists, from Adam Smith to Karl Marx, foresaw a time when wealth would cease to increase and when the world would enter upon 'the stationary state'. What they predicted is surely happening, but, as usual, not exactly in the way they expected, and no watchman has the courage to announce it. Will Mr. Wells' Professors of Foresight do so? Let us state the problem for them.

In the civilised world of to-day, men get their livelihood by sharing the wealth produced by the community, and the vast majority of them can only get their share by being employed for wages. The application of science to production, however, constantly tends to reduce the number of men required to produce a given amount of wealth. This tendency was counteracted, throughout the nineteenth century, partly by the tendency of science to create new forms of wealth, such as telephones, but mainly by the constant growth in the volume of production, owing to increase of population, colonisation and the opening up of new countries to trade. But to-day the population of Western Europe and America is tending to become stationary (except in Italy); it is also tending to become more middle-aged,

owing to the simultaneous fall of the birth rate and death rate. We are coming to the end of possible new markets and old markets in Asia and Africa seem to be contracting rather than expanding. Hence, in large part, our unemployment problem.

Many people hope that these tendencies can be counteracted by the capacity of individual human beings to increase their consumption. But how great is this capacity? No economist has ever really studied consumption. In the twelve years after the War, the United States made a great experiment in inducing a relatively stationary population to increase its consumption, but the experiment seems, temporarily at least, to have broken down. My own guess is that, even under the most favourable conditions, the consuming capacity of the individual increases far more slowly than most people suppose; especially, the capacity of the middle-aged individual. After all, a man has only twenty-four hours a day in which to consume. The rich man has a higher standard of living, not because he buys a few more clothes, but because he hires a valet to brush and press them.

Let the Professors of Foresight make a scientific estimate of consuming capacity. If they come to the conclusion that consuming capacity cannot keep pace with applied science, a further problem awaits them: *how can the individual gain a share in the wealth of the community otherwise than by being employed for wages?* No school of political or economic thought seems ever to have faced this question. To give a man a dole out of taxes is a miserable makeshift; to shorten hours of work all round is to confess that a man cannot be allowed to live unless he is physically attached to a factory. After all, many hard-working people now gain their livelihood, not by their work, but by their claim, in the form of interest, on the proceeds of production in which they take no active part. Why should not more people live and work in the same way, but how is it to be done?

EUSTACE PERCY

The Countryside

ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO I attempted a modest forecast of the future of farming, only to be told by no less an authority than *The Times* that I was in danger of becoming an 'agricultural crank'. The events of the past twelve months or so, which have brought disaster to many farmers and are threatening the security of the whole countryside, have gone far to justify the forecast, and to suggest that it was faith in prophecy, rather than vision in the prophet, which was to seek. It is not so much Professors of Foresight who are wanted as disciples.

The main force that is going to mould the future of the countryside, it seems to me, is mechanical engineering. In this country there is proportionately more hired labour engaged in rural industry than in any country in the world, and it is employed under conditions of work and wages which give it a standard of living higher than anywhere else. It follows that the cost of production of food in this country will always be high by contrast, for the great bulk of the products of the land competing in the British market with English rural industry are the output either of peasant communities or of farmers in the same economic class as the peasant because they are not dependent upon hired labour. Bacon is the product of the peasants of Ireland, Denmark and Eastern Europe. Butter or cheese pour into England from the family farms of New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and again Ireland and Denmark. Even wheat is grown for our market mainly by men whose dependence upon hired labour is limited to the time of harvest. In other words, our competitors know nothing of regulated hours, or prescribed rates of pay, whereas farming in England tends more and more to conform to industrial conditions. The future of production under such conditions lies in the increase of the output of each pair of hands by the mechanisation of manual processes.

But if the tractor-driver is to replace the ploughman, if the harvester-thresher is to succeed the reaper and the threshing-outfit, if even the cabbages and Brussels sprouts are to be planted five times as rapidly and just as well by a tractor-drawn machine—and all these things are being done and will become universal—what is to happen to the men whom the machines will displace? What is to happen to every class of rural society dependent directly or indirectly on them? This is the problem of the future. Land reformers are talking today of bringing men back to the land. What should be exercising their minds is the problem, which the next generation will have to face, of how to find work for the people already there. For, in England, the rural population which will be rendered surplus to the requirements of the next

era in farming cannot trek westward on to new land; they cannot, in the future which Professors of Foresight are surely anticipating for manufacture in this country, be absorbed in urban industry; they cannot follow their grandfathers overseas, for the 'new' countries of last century will be facing the same problem.

But the outlook for the countryside is not so serious as it appears. The Professor, not being a philosopher, is expected not only to seek truth but to find it, and he will realise that one of two great changes will have overtaken the organisation of the national food supply by this time. Either the wave of nationalism which is sweeping over the world today will have risen to tidal dimensions, and England will have been thrown back much more on her own resources, calling for the intensification of farming and a great agricultural revival which will absorb all the available labour, even though it be at the cost of a lower standard of living for producers and consumers alike. Or the flood will have spent itself, carrying away on the ebb all artificial restrictions on trade, and in the accession of prosperity which will follow, this country will turn more and more to the intensive production of fruit, vegetables, dairy and poultry products, and semi-luxury foods of all kinds, the demand for which has always fluctuated with industrial prosperity, but has tended, nevertheless, always to increase with the growth of public demand for a lighter and more varied diet. Notwithstanding the introduction of mechanical labour-aids in this type of farming, its demands upon the labour supply will be greater than under most of the systems which it will displace.

He will realise, further, that labour displaced in an age of mechanised farming may also find an outlet in quite another way. So far as is known, there is no demand amongst weavers for opportunity to leave the mills and set up each his own handloom; no Act of Parliament has been passed to assist engineers to open each his own blacksmith's shop. Agriculture, however, stands out from most other industries in that it is a mode of life as well as a living, and although it has been proved that the small farmers of England work long hours to earn, often, nothing more than farm labourers safeguarded by the Agricultural Wages Act, yet there still will be a demand for land by those who set the life higher than the living. The settlement of these men in farms under suitable conditions will engage the attention of the State, once more, and will be another check to the depopulation of the countryside. Only the State can do it, and this raises the last issue with which the Professor of Foresight can deal in this short space.

The changes that will overtake rural life and labour in the next generation are such as can only be accomplished by a change in the system of land tenure. The mechanisation of farming will call for rural reconstruction in the assembly of land for economic production, the rectification of the boundaries of fields, farms and estates, the drainage and reclamation of land, the organisation of transport and distribution, the rationalisation of land settlement, upon a scale which will be impossible under private landownership, whether by occupying owner or by great landlord. The nation will come to realise that this question has nothing to do with the principles of Henry George or the avowed policy of the Labour Party, but is a national question to which only one answer can be given, and the acquisition of the land by the State will follow by common consent.

The great problem to be anticipated for the future of rural industry, then, is how to intensify the output of labour without further depopulation of the countryside. Above is my forecast of how it should be solved.

C. S. ORWIN



The Future of Agriculture?



The Future of Education?

Education

RATIONAL FORESIGHT IS IMPOSSIBLE without knowledge, and we still know relatively very little about psychology, or heredity, or the relations of mind and body. But education is simply applied psychology, applied heredity and applied psycho-physiology. It follows therefore that rational foresight is still, to a great extent, impossible in the sphere of education.

Thus, the most important thing that a Professor of Educational Foresight could do is to foresee the child's future development—what he is likely to do well, what place he can take in the social scheme—to foresee and to plan his training accordingly. It is only on condition of such foresight that our educational system can become really efficient. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane is of opinion that 'if psychologists are allowed anything like a free hand, and co-operate with geneticists' the sorting out of children's abilities and potentialities should become possible 'in the course of the next century'. It is certainly not possible now.

Again, the Professor of Foresight ought to be able to tell us which is the most efficient system of intellectual and moral training. Literally dozens of methods are at present in the field; but no evidence exists to show which of them is the best. Nor will such evidence exist until it is deliberately made. And the only way of making it is to take a large number of children at present being educated according to different methods and to keep a record of their intellectual achievement, their conduct, their emotional development, throughout the rest of their lives. If the numbers are sufficiently large and if the greatest care is taken to compare only the strictly comparable, then, forty or fifty years from now, it should be possible to come to some fairly reliable conclusion about the relative merits of our competing systems. Lacking this evidence, Professors of Foresight could only do what all parents do today: that is to say, back their fancy and hope for the best.

Those who control the child to a large extent control the man. (Hence the Church's interest in education and hence, in every European country, the determined efforts made by the State to break the clerical monopoly of teaching.) Professors of Foresight would be unable to make plans for education without previous reference to the plans of their colleagues in the department of social organisation. Is the future society to be a communist society or a 'distributive state' of small owners? Is government to be a centralised dictatorship or a federation of small local autonomies? Is the family to be preserved, or is it to be, as far as possible, abolished? Upon the answer to these and similar questions of general policy must depend the attitude of our Professors of Foresight towards education. You cannot make plans for children before you have made plans for men and women.

Some things, however, our Professors could do at once and without reference to anyone. Foreseeing the dangers of war, they could reform the teaching of history, so as to minimise the element of nationalist propaganda. And foreseeing the even greater dangers of superstition and the unscientific attitude of mind, they could make of biology the central theme of all elementary education. Why, it may be asked, biology? Because it is relatively easy, as history shows, to be scientific about what is emotionally remote, very difficult to be scientific about what is emotionally near. If you have been taught to think scientifically about your own vital processes, then you will have little difficulty in thinking scientifically about anything else. Of all the sciences, biology is the least compatible with superstition.

But, like patriotism, a scientific point of view is not enough. For example, a scientific point of view will not kill time. But it is sufficiently clear that, as machinery is perfected, more and more time will have to be killed by more and more people. We are on the threshold of an age of leisure. Indeed, we have crossed the threshold. Even the Government has now officially recognised that, whatever our future prosperity, there must always henceforth be a considerable amount of unemployment. From being what it now is, an unmitigated disaster, this enforced leisure may be converted by a judicious redistribution of wealth into a potential blessing. Potential, I repeat; for leisure, if one does not know how to use it profitably, is by no means an unmixed good. One of the chief tasks of our Professors of Foresight will be to prepare the future generation for its inevitable leisures. Doing nothing is a most difficult profession and requires an elaborate vocational training.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Health

THOSE WHO LABOUR AT THE FORGE of some specialism are commonly well aware of the possibilities concerning the application to human affairs of discoveries in their own particular science, but, being specialists, and therefore knowing a great deal about very little, it is not to be expected that they themselves can fashion sound policies relating to human betterment, though certainly, from them, can come information of the greatest value which can be used by others who are skilled in statecraft.

It is certainly the case that recent developments in biological science will shortly and profoundly influence medical practice, and through this will affect the social structure. The sciences of human genetics, social biology and endocrinology are already providing tools which can be used, and which may be used, by intelligent men to refashion the human organism and to remodel society. The craft of medicine, which was invented by man to

give effect to his desire to retain, prolong or regain vigorous healthy youth, to prevent and to repair defect and derangement and to delay senescence and death indefinitely, has, for its aims, the deliberate creation of an environment in which a human population can truly flourish and the guided evolution of a human stock, remarkable for its physical and mental healthiness, which can take full advantage of the opportunities for development and self-expression thus provided. Its problems are largely conditioned by the age and the sex-ratio of the population, and by the proportion of individuals therein exhibiting defects and derangements.

In the immediate past, medicine can rightly claim to have been successful in lowering the infant and child mortality rates. Coincidentally, there has been a steady fall in the birth-rate. The result has been that in the population there are relatively fewer young people and relatively more old people. The causes of controlled fertility will continue to operate, contraceptive practices will become refined and democratised, and the birth-rate will continue to fall and so will the infant and child mortality rates, as the newer discoveries in science are applied to medical practice. At the same time, improved medical skill will protect the adult from preventable death in middle age, and so the age of the population will rise. Medicine will be more and more concerned with the problems of senescence, and rejuvenation will cease to be a jest. The hormones of the glands of internal secretion are now being analysed by the chemist; the chemical constitution of some of them, indeed, is already known, and they are being manufactured on a large scale. They will be used extensively to prolong the period of mental and physical efficiency of the worthwhile individual, to lengthen the reproductive period in the individual's life, and particularly to control the menopause in women. If old people, being in the majority, are to govern and to set the standards of behaviour, then they must be made younger. Rejuvenation will not add years to a life, but it will give youth to years.

It is known that both before birth and after, the male is less viable than the female. It is probable that, for every 100 girls conceived, there are not less than 150 boys, but an ante-natal, sexually selective mortality operates, miscarriages and stillbirths take a far higher toll of the males, and so, among living babies born, there are about 105 boys to every 100 girls. After birth, in almost every age group, more males than females die, so that, among the individuals who are eighty years and over in the population, there are twice as many women as men. Improvements in medicine will most certainly affect the sex-ratio in the population. Developments in ante-natal care and child welfare will tend to save the males. Control of the causes of diseases of the heart and lungs, which are the killers of the adult, will also tend to equalise the sex-ratio.

At the present time pregnancy is an adventure fraught with danger. Maternal mortality is an ugly monument memorialising our ignorance of the physiology of pregnancy and parturition. Mothers die because we cannot control processes we do not understand. Very shortly, however, it may be expected that the control over the birth processes in the rat and the rabbit which the sex-hormones give to the physiologist will be shared by the obstetrician in his dealings with the human mother.

Defect and derangement of body and mind can be caused either by the impress of harmful and controllable environmental forces which interfere with normal development and so lead to disharmony, or else by inborn hereditary factors which, being in the inherited constitution of the individual, doom him to disease and to death. Medicine can make the proud claim of having done much to sweep the environment clean of those living and non-living agencies which maim and slay. But it will soon be recognised that, as a direct result of this, the role of hereditary factors in the causation of disease has become more and more clearly demonstrated. And so it is, therefore, that we can recognise the dysgenic tendencies in medicine. By lowering the infant and child mortality rates, medicine has salvaged the weakling who, in due course, bequeaths his constitutional weaknesses to his offspring. It cannot be doubted that, in the immediate future, the contributions of science to medicine will be used in similar fashion to circumvent this selective elimination of the weak in body and mind. As time passes, more and more of these repetitions of hereditary blunders will appear in the population, and soon the State will be called upon to deal with the problem thus created. No one can object on any ground to any sound measure directed to prolong the life of anyone whose existence is a pleasure to himself and helpful to society, but surely no one will deny that society has the right to advise against procreation, and even to prevent it, on the part of those individuals in whom continued propagation seriously tends to impair the constitution of the race.

It is good to know, therefore, that statistical techniques are now available which will shortly be used for the recognition of the hereditary basis of the many diseases that are personally and socially important, and that soon we shall be in a position to construct policies relating to the non-propagation of the exhibitors and carriers of certain types of hereditary defect. It is being realised that the only means of preventing the spread in a population of a defect or derangement which is hereditary, incurable and deleterious, is to prevent its transmission from parent to off-

spring. Sterilisation, therefore, which today is the luxury of the well-to-do, will become a common practice in State, municipal and charitable institutions.

Discoveries and exploitations in biological science awaiting the consideration of the Professors of Foresight are, then, as I see them, those which will be applied to the problems of senescence in the male and female, of the shifting sex-ratio and of the control of hereditary defects and derangement. These problems beget others, for their solution will affect the marriage rate, the reproductive rate and a dozen other things in ways which the Professors of Foresight can most certainly anticipate. The environmental forces which maim and destroy will be removed or controlled, and then society will face its greatest problem: that of constructing the standard of the ideal, and of making mankind fit for the environment it has created.

F. A. E. CREW

Voice and Speech

EXTRACTS FROM NOTEBOOK apparently belonging to a Professor of Foresight, Speaking Department. No address discoverable.

Immediate problems—Regard speaking as behaviour. It must be made more varied after December. Australia, Canada, Africa, U.S.A., etc., will listen, and must not be antagonised. Physical considerations, e.g., microphone possibilities, will alter present criteria (what are they?) of effective speaking. Requirements of speech with microphone; strong voice unnecessary; Wells level with Chaliapine. If face and gestures unseen, articulateness extremely important. No compensatory gestures in broadcasting (television, how long?), but important in talking-film. (How break down barrier in film-land between amusement and education?) Speech-melody, formerly neglected, now of first-rate importance. Must find speech-melodies comprehensible to greatest number of listeners. Older tricks of oratory and of overcoming 'bad acoustics' have no further interest. Orators already found out. With microphone, pace of articulate speaking ought to be varied according to difficulty or unfamiliarity of matter. Artistic variation of pace desirable; contrast with older unvaried pace suggesting pomposity. Make experiments on new microphone voice-criteria, employing (a) expert listeners; phoneticians with psychological interests (very few available at present—train some); (b) large audiences of ordinary (not 'average') listeners, to find if there are types of listener. If so, develop corresponding styles of speaking.

Can a voice be synthesised, containing all the desirable elements of microphone-technique? Would it sound human? (Keep open mind. Many real voices sound inhuman to somebody.)

Speaker must be able to hear himself (as others hear him?). Blattnerphone should be available in all nursery-schools. Select teachers sensitive to effectiveness and beauty of speaking as well as to music. Possibly break down arbitrary barrier between speaking and singing. Work out correlation between sensitive appreciation of speaking and of music. Could this correlation be increased by practice in speech-judgment? Experiment to discover degree, quality and extent to which 'personality' is lost when speaker, using microphone, is unseen. Compare effect of speech broadcast with same speech simultaneously heard directly by another audience, speaker visible. (Extend Allport's experiments at Harvard.)

Make extensive investigations of best way to present matter containing many general statements. Can listeners stand half an hour of these from an unseen speaker, or do they switch off? Should every sentence call up a mental picture? Does the verbaliser welcome abstractions and the visualiser demand many concrete illustrations? How cater for mixed type?

Problems in Near Foreground—The schools? Can democratic government go on if people don't learn to speak? Impossible continue present division between speech-mandarins and speech-untouchables. Fettered by examination syllabus? Examine ability to clothe thoughts in spoken words. Cut out some written papers. Teach children to use telephone and microphone, even before they learn to write. 'Standard English' a hornet's nest? Will it stop buzzing now space is shrinking? Ruthlessly urge differentiation of speech art-forms (talks, lessons, commentaries, lectures, debates, discussions), otherwise present criticism of speech-manner often pointless.

How encourage improvement of criticism of speech-broadcasting? Let critics—new type—examine standards of debate in Parliament. Broadcasting latter might increase public sympathy with experiments. Speculate concerning ways to substitute discussion for deplorable debating-habits, especially in undergraduates and graduates.

Duties perhaps those of Director of Research. Yet D. of R. might find it convenient to be university man, otherwise perhaps difficult obtain much-needed information.

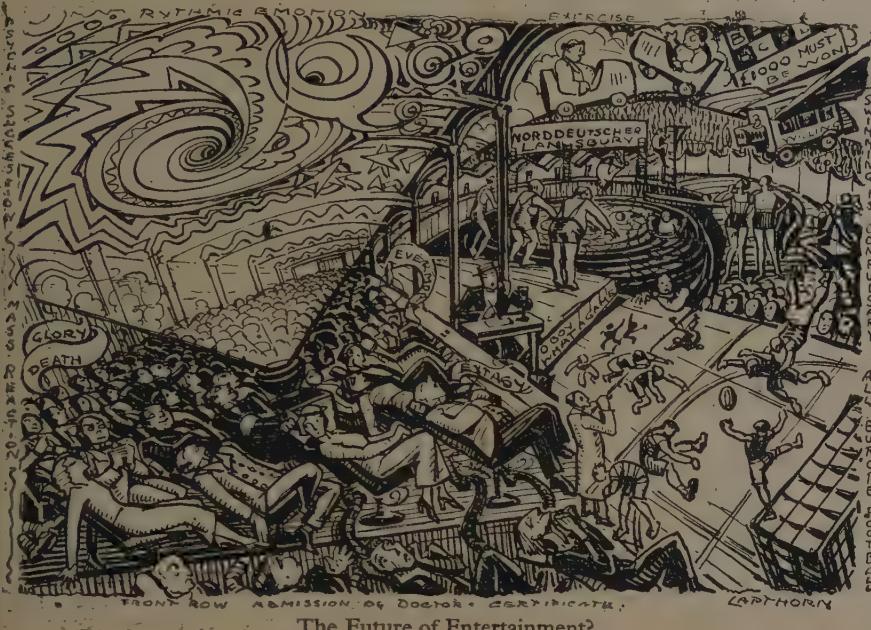
Is assent to title of 'Professor of Foresight' worldly wisdom? Not if conventional beliefs about professors (their gentleness, readiness to recognise university divisions of 'subjects', habit of looking backwards, professional introversion, pride in unbusinesslike methods) are correct. Enquire at nearest university if have been misinformed about this... (Remainder indecipherable.)

T. H. PEAR

Entertainment

JUST AS EVERY SCHOOLMASTER KNOWS that boys cannot be trusted in amusing themselves, so the Eurocrats will know that the citizens of the United States of Europe must have their amusements arranged for them. To what end? Why, as in the case of schoolboys, to their moral betterment. ('Moral betterment' may be translated 'docility').

I. The Theatre—The audience, of some forty thousand,



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recline almost recumbent, their heads on rests, for (as every dentist knows) that is the position in which we are most suggestible. The theatre is dark. As a premonition of the drama to come, the air pulsates rhythmically. Then the ceiling gradually glows into light of varying colour: forms, as shadows, take significant shape; they swell, approach, change, dwindle sharply till they vanish, perform patterned evolutions. At the same time, the rhythmic pulsations change, and perhaps there is music. Pipes leading under the seats emit perfumes and gases which produce various psychological effects; voices, now here, now there, utter phrases or isolated words charged with emotional content—'death', 'liberty', 'nevermore', and so on—sometimes in tones of despair, sometimes in a triumphant burst of sudden glory. The audience is intensely moved, for with devilish cunning the psychological directors employed by the government have built up a structure of emotional tensions such as the political situation requires, so that at the end of the drama the audience is filled with the sentiment of self-sacrifice, self-esteem or whatever it may be, with the object that the nationalities may subscribe heavily to a loan, or go to war. This theatre-cinema is thoroughly efficient. For sick or retrograde people, who require other emotions, there are certain theatres which exhibit the passions in life, so that these unfortunates may experience what it is unsocial to feel in life (family emotions, love, and so on); but admission to these can only be obtained with a doctor's certificate. The drama as an art is kept alive by amateurs, or small companies in the provinces, just as it is at the present day.

II. Games—There will only be one football match for Europe, arranged so that the right side (as indicated by the government tote centre) wins. This will be relayed by television to all parts, with explanatory comments by wireless. But since what is required is mass-emotion, it will only be relayed to vast central halls, where people will sit elbow to elbow in hundreds of thousands. Aeroplane or rocket buses connect outlying parts with these centres. Nobody, except the experts, will play games themselves; exercise will be provided by machines which throw you about, or bump you, or whatever it is the doctors advise. Boxing will be abolished as brutal, though the elderly will be allowed to fence. Swimming will be compulsory, and towns will vie with each other in providing Lansburies, or swimming baths of great ingenuity in detail, the most famous being the

Norddeutscher-lansbury. Racing, horse and dog, will be managed in the same way as football. Blood sports will have disappeared, and with them many of the most interesting animals and birds of the countryside.

III. Music—It must be realised that the Great State, discouraging art as all states do, will yet, as all states do, try to gain kudos by encouraging art, 'art' being the name it gives to any entertainment that precludes thought, for thought is dangerous except in the heads of leaders of humanity. Massed bands will play at both ends of the great concert halls, all music composed being censored by psychologists to see that it induces the effective state required by the political situation. After all, art is useless unless it is directive. In music, however, as in the other arts, a certain amount of 'escape tump' will be allowed to licensed subscribers, composed of such persons as cannot stand the strain of civilisation without releasing individualistic emotions. Very few people will perform themselves. What would be the good when by turning on a tap it can all be done so much better for them?

IV. Indoor Amusements—In its first pacifist era the government will do its best to discourage cards and chess as being vindictive, too much an image of war. Word games, economic puzzles ('£100,000 must be won'), and dumb-crambo will be encouraged. But after the great Euro-Asiatic cataclysm of 2012, which will nearly destroy civilisation (not only during the war but in the consequent economic depression), it will be found that cards and chess provide a suitable outlet for the Mars-complex. Billiards will continue, but the declaration game will be obligatory, and a fluke will count against the player, for to score by chance is obviously bad for the character. In competitions, the players will have to justify their strokes mathematically. Literature will be encouraged, but again only as an 'escape' art, in the form of thrillers. Such novels as are at present most popular will also be allowed, as they do not provoke thought, and may provide emotional outlets for feelings that are socially dangerous, such as ambition and adventurousness. Most literature, however, will be listened to on the wireless so as to ensure uniformity of taste and experience.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

War and Peace

MR. WELLS IS ASKING his Professors of Foresight to face not one question, but two. The first is, 'Is it Peace?' the second is, 'Is it Uniformity?'

The burden of the first answer is that science has made the continuance of war, as an institution, a life-and-death matter for all of us. War being what it now is—whatever it may have been in the days of chivalry—it is no use trying to humanise or to



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localise or otherwise to limit it. It must be treated as a crime and got rid of in the same way as other anti-social forces in the past.

I agree: and I would only add two comments. The first is that this programme involves the use of something equivalent to a world police-power. Now, whatever a certain school of pacifists may say, this does not mean resorting to war to put an end to war. Police-power as between nations in the modern world need not—I will go further and say should not—be executed through physical force. The true modern weapon of restraint is economic. One of the duties of the Professors of Foresight should be to make the civilised populations of the world—the men and women who form the consuming and investing public—realise that it is they, and not the Governments, who have the keys of war and peace in their keeping. If, as Mr. Wells so eloquently says, 'the knife of the stranger is always at our throat', we must all of us accept our responsibilities as policemen. We have not learnt this lesson yet: as witness the fact that when the 5 per cent. War Loan was converted last summer, Japanese Government bonds rose fifteen points in a single week on the London stock market.

My second comment is that to eliminate war is not to eliminate competition for power. It is only to get rid of a peculiarly wasteful, destructive and anti-social form of such competition. Political affairs, and, indeed, human affairs generally, will always involve, in greater or lesser degree, a play of power. Abolish war and the trial of strength will take place in some other way: and one can be quite certain that human ingenuity will abound in discovering up-to-date methods for continuing the old struggle. This is not a reason for not abolishing war, or for despairing of human nature. All that it means is that these other forms of pressure, in so far as they are anti-social, will have to be tracked down and controlled in their turn. The World Economic Conference which is to meet next April will—it is easy to foresee—be the first of many gatherings devoted to framing rules against what I would call advisedly *criminal* economic practices.

But when Mr. Wells goes on to associate the idea of peace with the idea of brotherhood I cannot agree with him without qualification. His idea of world-unity seems to me delusively simple and therefore quite unreal. 'One money, one police, one speech, one brotherhood'—that is his text. There have been Professors of Foresight at various moments in European history who were convinced that humanity would move forward on these lines. But in reality they were looking backward instead of forward. They were fascinated by a false analogy from history, as Mr. Wells is fascinated by a false analogy from natural science.

They remembered the centuries of universal peace under the Roman Empire with the massive uniformity of its civilisation, and they believed that in order to have 'one money and one police' it was also necessary for all civilised people to conform to a common type of culture—to think alike, to feel alike, to believe alike. But this is not at all the way in which the world is moving or in which I, for one, would wish to see it move. One of the principal tasks of a Professor of Foresight today should be to help people to distinguish between the uniformities and the diversities of modern life—between those elements in civilisation which it is better to organise, standardise and mechanise and those other elements, even more important, as I think, which are best left free to grow and develop in their own sphere. A Professor of Foresight should be constantly reminding us that men and women, if they are true to themselves, do not become alike by using common tools, and that therefore, despite external appearances, our world is getting more variegated every day. The very essence of that self-determination which is the driving force of our age and the essential condition of peace is *differentiation*. It is the forcible suppression of these ultimate differences between individuals and social groups which has been the greatest latent cause of war in the past. We do not need to be all alike in order to use the same money or the same law courts. If we did, I, for one, would rather sacrifice these conveniences of so-called civilisation and go back to a more primitive existence: for such uniformity would mean the extinction of most of what makes life worth living, and, much as I value peace, I set a higher value on life itself, for which peace is only a negative condition.

The true method of attaining to world-unity and to brotherhood in the real sense is not to drive a steam roller over the world's differences, but to harmonise them in a creative way. You cannot, in fact, have brotherhood without brothers, and all brothers are not twins. It is, indeed, just the charm of twins that they are the exception and not the rule. Mr. Wells, for one, has certainly no identical twin-brother.

ALFRED ZIMMERN

Professeurs de Prévisions?

JE NE CROIS QU'AUX ECOLES où l'on enseigne des choses réputées «exactes», à peu près sûres, à peu près contrôlées: le contraire donc des prévisions. Je ne crois pas aux Ecoles qui font appel à l'imagination; je suis partisan convaincu de la nécessité de leur fermeture (écoles de Beaux-arts en tous cas). Je fais confiance aux élèves, mais j'ai une défiance motivée à l'égard des professeurs. Un professeur? C'est un homme qui vous arrache à la



Design, by Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret (1926-27) for the Palais des Nations at Geneva, which was classed first in the competition by the professional jury but eventually rejected by the League of Nations



Design for the 'Plan Voisin' for Paris of Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret (1925). This shows a business city in the middle of Paris, with only 5% of the surface built over, and 95% free for pedestrians: motor traffic goes on motor-ways elevated five metres above ground level

magnifique *école du doute* qu'est la vie; on l'oblige, professionnellement, à asseoir en lui des certitudes qu'ensuite il transmettra à son auditoire. On sait par exemple que Jules César a conquis la Gaule et que St. Louis voulut aller à Jérusalem. Voilà des réalités qu'il est utile de transmettre dans les écoles. Mais *inculquer l'avenir*? Un professeur devient malgré lui un pontife; ses élèves l'exigent par leur foi même: par eux, il est encerclé, investi et c'est affirmer qu'il doit! La vie . . . demain, le démentit!

Thème périlleux d'ailleurs: c'est tout le problème de l'enseignement. Lecture de situation: depuis la fondation des Ecoles, les sciences ont fait un pas gigantesque: les arts ont failli, l'académisme est né, l'oppression avec, et la bêtise des gouvernements dans leurs interventions dans ce domaine. C'est en dehors des écoles, et avec *seul* M. le Professeur la VIE, que la pensée créatrice des temps modernes s'est manifestée (avec éclat, force et violence). C'est parce qu'il y a des professeurs dans certaines Ecoles, que l'art contemporain est étiqueté 'révolutionnaire', alors qu'il est la licite et loyale expression de son époque. Louis XIV fut l'un des plus fougueux et clairvoyants révolutionnaires; mais comme les Ecoles ne naquirent qu'après lui, l'épithète n'existe pas, le fait non plus, et on le dénomma, lui, le Roy, le 'grand classique'. Et l'on peut conclure: l'Histoire n'a retenu que les noms de révolutionnaires: ce sont eux qui en révolutionnant, à chaque époque, ont exprimé la vitalité de leur temps et ont été 'classés'.

Si je me méfie des professeurs, par contre je suis avide de *leçons*, et aujourd'hui tout comme je l'étais à 20 ans. Les leçons surgissent spontanément de l'œuvre des hommes placée dans la vie où elle y provoque l'éclatement de l'explosion. Je crois que Mr. Wells lorsqu'il nous parle de professeurs de prévisions, nous parle à vrai dire, des éclatements continus, précipités, accélérés des événements modernes, -remue-ménage puissant de la vie qui se manifeste à nous par ces médiums: les inventeurs.

Pour lire les leçons de la vie, il faut être dans la palpitation générale, en contact avec les événements; plus que cela, il faut être soi même un provocateur d'éclatement, car cette pratique exerce l'œil et l'oreille, et permet de lire, de saisir dans la fulgurance des glissements rapides, les moments de conjonction des forces et les conditions mêmes de la création utile à nos besoins d'hommes.

Je suis architecte et urbaniste; je fais des plans. Mon tempérament me précipite dans les joies de la découverte; le mouvement, la croissance, l'épanouissement, le mécanisme même de la vie sont ma passion. Alors je fais des plans qui, tenant compte

des réalités présentes, expriment le visage d'aujourd'hui. Je fais (en 1922) les plans 'd'une ville contemporaine de 3 millions d'habitants'. Tous mes exégètes, sans exception, parlent de ma 'Ville Future'! Je proteste en vain; j'affirme ignorer tout de l'avenir, mais connaître le seul présent. Non, on répond par un stratagème qui est une lâcheté: «Vous vous occupez de l'avenir», ce qui laisse sous-entendre qu' 'eux' (tout le monde) s'occupent du présent. Mensonge! Avec toute la modestie du chercheur, je m'attache au présent, au contemporain, à l'aujourd'hui, et 'eux', ils vivent 'hier' et ils vivent *d'hier*. Là est le drame des temps modernes. Tout ce qu'évoque M. Wells est d'aujourd'hui, et non pas de demain.

Matérialisons ceci dans des faits: En 1922, je donne une étude décisive de la circulation, basée sur l'automobile. C'est de suite à l'après guerre; il n'y a pas encore beaucoup d'autos dans Paris, mais j'avais observé en 1918, les autos, les camions et les side-cars de l'armée dans Paris encore libre. Et j'avais pensé: il y a aujourd'hui des vitesses *vingtuples*, des objets qui vont vingt fois plus vite que le pas de l'homme ou que celui du cheval. Pas de l'homme ou du cheval, c'est le mesure de tous les tracés des villes et de l'économie des campagnes, depuis les temps préhistoriques. Donc tout va changer. On répondit: «Monsieur, vous êtes fou, vous nous embêtez!»

J'avais vu sortir la machine à écrire et, d'un coup, la publicité, la concurrence nouvelle, ces efforts innombrables (et idiots) de deux camps fabriquant et offrant la même chose, arc-boutés l'un contre l'autre: «Il faut des bureaux à tout cela, des lieux, des organes de circulation, des locaux, un quartier de ville». J'ai (1922-25) offert le 'Plan Voisin' de Paris, cité d'affaires. Réponse: «Vous êtes un danger public».

En 1927, nous soumettons à la Société des Nations, les plans d'un Palais comportant 500 bureaux de travail joyeux, limpides, en pleine lumière, en plein paysage magnifique. Une salle d'assemblée mathématiquement acoustique, où un soupir s'entendra; des circulations qui classaient immédiatement chacun et tout le monde: «Le clair-obscur convient à la diplomatie; la S.D.N. ne peut siéger au-dessus d'automobiles parquées sous les bâtiments. Votre bâtiment à l'air d'une création des temps modernes, INSOLENT, c'est du Louis XIV ou du Louis XVI que nous voulons, comme à Versailles ou à Trianon». Et la S.D.N., pour se débarrasser de notre Palais qui la plongeait vertigineusement dans l'Aujourd'hui, renie froidement les engagements du contrat qu'elle avait établi.

En 1932, l'U.R.S.S. pour couronner le Plan Quinquennal,

décide en face de projets réalisant les plus impératives conditions techniques proclamées comme indispensables, de construire le Palais des Soviets en Renaissance Italienne!

L'auto a supprimé les distances, plus exactement elle a modifié la nature des distances fixées par le chemin de fer. Le rail avait créé une civilisation particulière, celle des grandes concentrations. L'auto ouvre une nouvelle civilisation: *celle de la route*. Les grandes villes devenues inhumaines pourront s'écouler vers une terre désormais accessible et colonisable. Colonisable non pas aux colonies, mais dans la campagne de France, partout. Mais il faudra qu'auparavant les campagnes s'équipent et que les SEDUCTIONS de la Ville, — ce qui apporte aux hommes la caresse de l'humanité, le contact avec ce qu'on croit être le meilleur de la pensée humaine, — soient transportées des villes dans les campagnes aménagées. Il faut aménager les campagnes devant la civilisation de la route.

Pour finir ceci: Je porte en moi depuis deux ans, une angoissante certitude. On m'avait appelé à Alger pour me montrer le désastre urbain de la ville, l'étouffement, l'étranglement, l'agonie déjà, d'une cité toute jeune et promise à une destinée prodigieuse: «Que faire? la ville meurt, et dans quelques années, nous aurons quadruplé le chiffre de notre population; nous serons 1 million ici!» J'ai fait des plans, avec de l'analyse, du calcul, de l'imagination, du lyrisme. Des plans prodigieusement vrais, indiscutables. Des plans prodigieusement effarants. Ils expriment la splendeur des temps modernes. Ils montrent le contrepied constructif des gigantesques œuvres destructives des guerres. Ce sont les mêmes ressources (les techniques), mais avec un autre esprit. Ils mobilisent l'action pour servir, tout comme on a si étonnamment consenti à mobiliser le monde pour détruire et assassiner.

Détruire, guerre? Bravo, c'est normal, ça fait marcher le commerce et l'industrie . . . C'est presqu'avec enthousiasme qu'on parle de ces choses et qu'on les fait. Construire, équiper l'époque machiniste, donner aux temps modernes le cadre dont ils ont un urgent besoin: «Non, me dit le Maire, vos idées sont pour dans cent ans.» — «Non, répond le grand banquier des travaux d'Alger, je ne veux pas recevoir M. Le Corbusier, je le connais de longue date: il serait capable de me convaincre; je n'ai pas le droit de me laisser convaincre. Je ne dois opérer le placement de mes capitaux, que selon des méthodes éprouvées.»

J'ai beaucoup parlé de moi. Mille regrets. J'ai parlé d'un homme «sur le tas», dans l'action, d'un lecteur de vie et d'un preneur de leçons; d'un *faiseur de Plans*. Or aujourd'hui, n'est-ce pas, M. Wells, *celui qui fait un plan vrai* de l'époque moderne, fait une chose nouvelle? Vous et moi sommes d'accord que cette chose peut être prodigieuse, car une nouvelle époque est née. Mais les «pères de la patrie», les tuteurs de la famille des peuples, — l'autorité, — ont peur d'agir, d'entreprendre, de risquer. C'est plus sûr de copier. Plus rassurant de vivre «hier».

Mais alors: Crise et découragement. Tandis que si l'on agit: dénouement de crise et enthousiasme.

Pour sentir la palpitation de ces choses, la saisir aux cheveux, empoigner la solution qui passe, il ne faut point être professeur, il faut refuser d'être professeur. Il faut être ouvrier de la tâche; curieux, preste, courageux, inquiet. Le Professeur, la leçon, c'est l'intégrale toujours renouvelée qui surgit de cet orage: nature et homme dans une tension formidable.

C'est en faisant des plans, et non en parlant, qu'on institue la *leçon féconde*. Les professeurs ne doivent pas être des exégètes sereinement installés dans des chaires, mais des ouvriers en plein travail!

Il y en a.

Au lieu de cette question: «Professeurs de Prévisions», je poserais celle-ci: «Découvreurs d'hommes» et je proposerais qu'au lieu d'élire nos chefs sur des programmes électoraux, nous ne les désignions à la fonction des gouvernement que s'ils ont donné la preuve d'avoir découvert des inventeurs, la preuve qu'ils savent découvrir des hommes.

LE CORBUSIER

Can We Control the Future?

MR. WELLS ASKS, apparently innocently, why we have Professors of History by the score and not one Professor of Foresight. Of course Mr. Wells knows the answer. History is a science or an art, as you will, but foresight is a virtue. And more than any other virtue it brings its own reward. Henry Ford acquired the world's largest fortune, and Cecil Rhodes became a founder of empire, because they could see further than the others into the possibility of motor-cars and mines, and because they could convert that anticipation into reality. The profession of foresight is not like history, a quiet and harmless pursuit of knowledge: it requires constant and immediate action. That is why cheerful prophets like Mr. Wells and gloomy ones like Mr. Keynes are alike frustrated. The real Professors of Foresight are acting, not teaching.

One can picture how Mr. Wells would have written of the holder of the Speculative Builders' Association Chair of Foresight at Oxford, for the poor Professor would indeed be in a pitiable case. His schemes for the ordered development of

civilisation, however logical and consistent, would be found impracticable under present financial conditions, while, if he descended to particulars, he would be rapped over the knuckles by leaders of industry for trying to teach them their own business. In the end he would be forced to confine himself to investigations such as 'Studies in the future tendency of poetic style', or 'Hypotheses on the course of development of Martian society'. Mr. Wells, behind the bulwark of his reading public, is far freer and more effective as an amateur than he would be professionally, harried by university senates and government grant committees.

And yet somehow the free exercise, individually and nationally, of the virtue of foresight, though giving us, or some of us, motor-cars and air trips round the world, is bringing us through war and crisis to a state of increasing discomfort and apprehension. Perhaps, after all, it might be better to abandon the virtue and be ruled by the science of foresight. But for this we must have a society where knowledge of the future cannot be monopolised by individuals or nations to their own advantage, and where the scientific forecasting of the future is directly connected with those functions of government which control the development of society as a whole. We need a classless, nationless, co-operative community. In such a society the science of forecasting would be possible, but not easy. Its first task would be to foresee and to achieve the most extensive and rapid development of the technical and scientific aids to human welfare. This is a fairly straightforward business and not one beyond our present powers. In the history of humanity, and even before humanity, there has been a steady increase in the amount of the future that is included in the apparent present. To reach for a distant object is to anticipate, however unconsciously, the holding of it. The most elaborate prediction of the scientist has in it nothing essentially different. Socially we live in and are quite indifferent to a world that is largely future—appointments, time-tables, holidays, retirements. It is the same with action. Science has reached such a stature that any task which can be clearly formulated—making sugar from sawdust, butter from coal, splitting the atom, flying to America or to the moon—is reasonably certain of success if enough money is forthcoming for the necessary research.

But if this were the whole story we would all, after the glorious inventions of the nineteenth century, be living in an earthly paradise. And so we should be, but that, in the successful pursuit of immediate ends, all the indirect consequences of success were forgotten till too late. The early farmers destroyed the forests till the land dried up and was good for neither crop nor pasture. The exploiting of coal and iron has reduced northern England to a dismal, smoky workhouse. The convenience of the motor-car gives us each year more human sacrifices than the Ancient Mexicans at their worst. And finally, the solution of the problem of production has led the world to unemployment, breakdown of trade and permanent crisis. All these secondary consequences could be foreseen; they were foreseen, but it needed something stronger than prophetic words to turn a man from his desire when it was only his fellows or the country that had to suffer.

The second task of forecasting would be, not to concentrate on each problem for itself, but to see it in its social bearing, and so to limit and co-ordinate all new developments that no directly harmful secondary consequences could come from them. This is a much more difficult task than the first. The scientist likes to work by narrowing the field to a few variables; here every variable would have to be taken into account. But if this has to be done, ways will be found of doing it. When simple intuition or calculation failed, experiment would have to be resorted to. We would need experimental communities, cities, countries. In them new ways of living would be tried out before they were passed for general practice. After a little experience on which to build up a tradition, the forecasters would be able to guarantee to humanity not only that it got what it wanted every time, but that it did not get as well even more things it did not want.

Even then the task of the forecaster would only have begun. So far, however complex, it is still technical, involving means, not ends. The most fascinating and most difficult task has still to be attempted. It would fall to the forecasters to understand, to interpret and to direct the whole drive of humanity. They must determine desires as well as point the way to their satisfaction. This is where science blends with art, for art, though it is an individual creation, reaches greatness only when it condenses and expresses profound social needs.

This is a future that is offered to you, but the controllers of the present have no great liking for it. The very triumph of applied science becomes a terrible thing when it seems to threaten the bases of individualist society. How much safer it would be to be back in the ordered security of the pre-industrial eighteenth century, so prettily described in Voltaire's *Candide*. And they are right. The liberating effect of technical discovery can be felt, and real forecasting be possible, only in a planned, classless world state. Until then, this new power will only produce poverty and hunger out of over-abundance, and war and death out of love of security.

J. D. BERNAL

The Suburban Novel?

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

Mr. O'Faoláin recently won the 'Femina Vie Heureuse' prize with his book of short stories 'Midsummer Night Madness'

If the title suggests a new genre, that is because it suggests a blank space, or at any rate a large space with one or two inadequate occupants, in the history of the English comic novel. It suggests many other things besides.

For four years now I have lived in—I had better say resided in—a London suburb, for as yet I have been unable to make up my mind as to whether people live or merely exist there. As a stranger, unable to decide for myself, I have repeatedly turned to the English novel to decide for me. Is there, I ask it in my more despondent moments, any life at all in this place and in all the other places as like it as two peas? Is there nothing here but the externals, and nothing behind that is not merely another slightly less external shell, like the skins of an onion that has no heart? Is Tooting, I ask, an onion or a nut? Is all expressed by the super-cinema, the tennis-court, the baby-clinic, the swimming-pool, the wireless-depot, the morning train with its brother the evening train, the morning paper with its sister the evening paper, and its uncle the Sunday paper that flops on the mat, and the charwoman's gossip about the super-cinema, the tennis-court, the baby-clinic, and all the rest down to the Sunday papers that flop on her mat? Can this, I implore the English comic novel, be true? And even if it is true, is there not, at least, some fun to be got out of it all? If life here is so thin and formal that there is no room for a Balzac, at least is there not plenty of material for a Jane Austen? The English comic novel replies with a faint snore.

For my own part when I read Jane Austen I feel certain, for the moment, that there is just as interesting a social comedy going on about me in Chiswick and Peckham and Tooting and Highgate as there was in Steventon—and I feel content and feel the warmth of life in the air. But when I read Emily Brontë and forget for a while that life is not the less life for being lively, I am oppressed by the feeling that all these circumambient appendages to the innermost circle of the inferno are as dead as mutton. For the mind can be persuaded that the comedy exists, but you cannot persuade the emotions with regard to the drama. The emotions are the doubting Thomas of the faculties. They must feel and see.

But, alas! Jane Austen died more than a hundred years ago, long before suburbia became what it is now, and there is no Jane Austen today to point out at least the fun, the vitality, the grotesqueness, the amiable silliness, the comic drama, the human frailty of the life of the stucco villa. So that as I thread my way through the endlessness of red brick and concrete, lost as in a maze, everywhere the bathroom plug out and the radio plug in, listening to the hum of a Hoover or a lawn-mower or a bee as lost as myself, I am torn between two equally distasteful conclusions—either the English comic novel is asleep in the presence of life or life is asleep in the presence of the English novel. For there must be more novelists to the square mile in outer London than in any other part of Britain, ten metropolitans, at least, to the one provincial. Can they all be myopically unobservant? There are some ten million human beings in outer London. Can every family represented by that ten million be no more vital than a robot, more solemn and phlegmatic than a vegetable marrow, at least not even sufficiently absurd to be the subject of a satire? Or are we to conclude that, like countries that have no history, the suburbs have no novelists because they are too calm to have anything to record?

Truly the difficulties are enormous, for the Jane Austens no less than the Emily Brontës, for the Thackerays no less than the Balzacs. And when I look for my Jane Austen I do so with the full knowledge that when I find her (or him) I shall have found a genius of the first order—for nobody but a genius could make bricks, good bricks we naturally demand, out of such very little straw. I look for her, or him, furthermore, duly acknowledging that the circumstances are infinitely more difficult than they were for Jane Austen. For *Emma*, let us say, was written of the life of a community, a scattered one it is true, small in number admittedly, but definitely a community in its interdependence, its irrepressible curiosity about itself, its marked characteristics and traditions, and best of all it was written

about a community that changed so slowly, if at all, that it was ideal matter for observation. Whereas your suburb, for all its cramped thousands, is no more a community than a hotel, shows less interplay of character and circumstance, has few traditions and often no marked characteristics whatever, and, worst of all, is so mobile and so secretive that it is about as easy to observe as a tray of jumping peas locked in a steel safe.

But, granting all that, what is the novelist there for unless to overcome such difficulties? His work in life is precisely this—to reveal a characteristic life where it has previously eluded analysis, to make interesting and amusing what has hitherto appeared empty and dull. Unless—horrible decision to have to come to—we must agree that in all those vast spaces of brickwork and garden-patch, there is absolutely no characteristic life, and they are empty and they are dull. Whereupon we shall find ourselves, in fleeing from the irate novelist, in the arms of the enraged suburbanite, rankling over that reference to the vegetable marrow.

And yet, I cannot believe but that behind those neat curtains and those polished windows there must be, at times, enough drama for a dozen *Doll's Houses*. Or are these London villas more closely shuttered than the villas of Copenhagen? And even so, there must be many men—for there are always favoured spies—who know the life of the villa through and through. Why they do not exploit it is inexplicable to me. Except on one premise which I am too much of a gentleman to articulate.

Of course, the thing has been attempted, though scarcely with any adequate degree of success. We have as yet no Arnold Bennett—not to mention a Jane Austen—of the suburbs. There is *Nocturne* and *The Young Idea* by Frank Swinnerton, who answers all my questions with a kind of timid and unconvincing affirmation, as does every other suburban novel I have met. There is Alfred Sidgwick's *London Mixture* and *The Severings*; the *Combined Maze* of May Sinclair, Leonard Merrick's *Peggy Harper*, H. G. Wells' *Love and Mr. Lewisham*—a little too far in—A. P. Herbert's *Water Gypsies*—again the old, not the new, suburbia—Frank Danby's *Doctor Phillips* (Hampstead), George Grossmith's *Diary of a Nobody*, and I can remember a suburban atmosphere in Mrs. Delafield and Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. W. Pett Ridge.

But, quite honestly, if a young man from Boston or a young lady from Munich, coming to live in outer London were to ask me for a revealing English novel, of the first class, about the 'life' they would shortly see, I should have to reply, 'My dear, I don't know whether you are asking me for one or for two things that do not exist, but I can inform you with regard to neither. But if you take my tip, if you are looking for life, you had much better look for lodgings in Canonbury or Connemara'. And I should then quote her, with reference to the suburbs as I know them, and, maybe, if I were in a bad temper, with regard to the English comic novel, the last line of 'Samson Agonistes': '... calm of mind, all passion spent'.

The week end now has almost a literature of its own, the latest addition to which is *The Week End Cookery Book*, by G. M. Boumphrey (Soncino Press, 5s.). This is intended for the reader who knows nothing about the process of cooking, wants something better than 'good plain cooking', but is not prepared to spend much time over the job. This somewhat exacting person will certainly find help in Mr. Boumphrey's guidance. Recipes, glossary of terms, list of equipment and stores, index, table of measures and all such like are compressed into few but pleasant pages. Having finished his meals, the week-ender will want amusement. For this let him turn to *The Week End Calendar* (Geoffrey Bles, 6s.), which is edited by Gerald Barry. Here he will find a year's fare of essays, poems and competitions compiled from the pages of our contemporary *The Week End Review*, most of it witty, apt and stimulating. Seventy or more distinguished living authors give characteristic short contributions, and weekly extracts from Gilbert White's *Journal* are added to mark the passage of the seasons. The competitions represent a very high level of achievement in a medium difficult to keep permanently bright.

Christian Art?

By WILHELM WORRINGER

To accompany the Supplement which follows on 'Christianity in Art', we have asked Professor Wilhelm Worringer, who is Professor of Fine Art in the University of Königsberg and one of the greatest writers on art living today, to consider the question of what exactly is Christian Art. His article is translated by Professor Herbert Read, who edited the translation of 'Form in Gothic', which is perhaps Professor Worringer's most notable work.

OVIOUSLY the only justification for putting a mark of interrogation after the phrase 'Christian Art' is to raise the question whether the Christian faith has had any direct creative power. That in a more general sense Christianity has had an art is certainly beyond all question, but whether this art in its formal expression has been *its own* art—and only its own—that may, and indeed must, be asked. It goes without saying that in the attempt to answer this question all considerations relating to the material or subject-matter must be excluded; we are concerned only with the form, only with whether it can be shown that there is a particular kind of aesthetic expression which proceeds directly from the Christian mentality and alone from that.

If, in the end, a sceptical question-mark has to remain, then let it be said without hesitation that this would be in favour of, rather than against, Christianity. For who would judge a religion, wholly spiritual in its aim, by the extent to which it has fallen into that dependence on sensuous perception which is the *conditio sine qua non* of what we call art? It would even be safe to say that if Christianity had remained absolutely true to its fundamental idea, then there would nowhere have been any Christian art and there could have been none. But where is the religion that can claim such hundred-per-cent. purity? Where is the religion of which we can say that there is a straight, unbroken line leading from theory to practice? Because man cannot live in the vacuum created by a full realisation of his ideal, the practical realisation of religious ideals in all religions fluctuates between some 20 to 50 per cent. This 20 to 50 per cent. is, so to speak, the only possible gold standard of any religion, and only with that are we concerned. So, the most that we can say of a religion is that it has realised itself up to 50 per cent. Suppose we take this high percentage for Christianity—I leave on one side whether we have the right to do so—then the remaining 50 per cent. is the space within which Christianity has created its art.

Influences from East and West

Is Christianity the only religion which has, with regard to its art, shown such an unfavourable balance? No: all higher religions which depend on spiritual values must be charged with such an unfavourable balance. Buddhism could hardly pride itself on having a really original art in the formal sense. For Confucius or Lao-Tse there is no language of form whose source is uncontaminated. The truth, on the contrary, is that just where religion in the guise of a theocracy has developed into an autocratic world-order, and where therefore there has been the possibility, there the language of sacred and profane edicts has become identical: I refer among others to the language of Egyptian, Western Asiatic and Byzantine art. There speaks power as such, the power of a spiritual idea, related equally in form to the sacred and to the profane, and thereby to some extent neutralised.

But then, to every religion which in its origin is related to an innate opposition to all that is worldly and ambitious, there necessarily comes a dangerous moment when it feels constrained to exercise actual power. And that means that it has to encounter the inevitable fact of de-spiritualisation. One might quote here a saying of Jakob Burckhardt's: 'Power is Evil-in-itself'. For Christianity this dangerous moment comes with its political establishment, even perhaps at the very moment that the idea of a 'Church' emerges; for the rule of the Church, which in order to establish its claims to power necessarily resorts to dogmatic compulsion, is really only a form of theocracy within Christianity. And so, at once and inevitably, the will to power as it is embodied in the Church finds itself under the necessity of usurping one of those forms of expression, which—so far as it avails itself for its control over men of the symbols of art—the will to power had manifested in a thousand-year-old history of but one meaning. Christian Church art equally with Christian official art can in these circumstances only be a derivative art.

With its Janus-face directed East and West, there were two systems between which Christianity hesitated: should it take the Roman language of power, the representative speech of world imperialism? Or should it speak that spiritualised and theocratically perfected language of power in which the Orient, during its long pre-Christian past, had developed its transcendental mode of aesthetic expression? Early Christianity, in becoming ecclesiastical as well as political, elected for both: in its basilicas, its domed churches, its mosaics, its sarcophagi,

its book-illuminations and ivories, it spoke at the same time both Latin and Oriental languages. It is an impossibility to write in this case of the spontaneous generation of Christian form. Everything is an echo of the late antique; in which East and West were inseparably united. It is true that both these great main streams of tradition were modified for Christian needs and aims, but a newly welling stream had not appeared.

Within this bi-lingualism of Christian representation, the Oriental—we call it all too summarily the Byzantine—soon with good reason gained predominance, for its abstract and transcendently spiritual language had that inborn affinity for Christian spirituality which was so completely wanting in the realistic world of antiquity, so convincingly represented by Rome with its profession of government. It is true that the actual language of the Western Church was soon to be Latin: but in its art language many long centuries were to pass before the Latin accent broke through.

Is Romanesque a Christian Style?

But to stay in the West: can we say that the Romanesque style represents the point where this Latin accent breaks through? When the word 'Romanesque' suggests such a meaning, then it deceives us, for the analogy in the history of language, from which this terminology takes its origin, covers only a small segment of the artistic facts. Most obviously, the architecture of that period justifies this customary terminology. For the material of its ideas and form it certainly for the most part took its cue from a tradition which went back to Roman buildings in the provinces. But even that is hardly true in an exclusive sense: new researches are continually revealing how far-reaching influences from the farthest Christian East have complicated and differentiated the genesis of the Romanesque style of building. But, apart from that, who would dare to characterise a Romanesque cathedral in its fundamental structure as a true representative of specifically Christian building notions? Never once does it express a clear and unequivocally sacred nature in its general appearance; nor do the monumental secular buildings of that time really reveal a different architectural feeling. By all kinds of obvious modifications of function there results an unmistakable but suspicious equation of the house of God and the house of the King. And what we usually label as 'Romanesque' in the sphere of painting and sculpture—where are the objects which really justify the etymology of such a word? One thinks of provincial sculpture. But in the complete picture of so-called Romanesque art how isolated seems its tendency to follow the antique. The real motive power of the development works itself up through quite different channels of tradition. Not through pagan antiquity, but through Christian antiquity, and that means through that strongly orientalising late antique style, which had had the privilege to give the first and therefore canonically the most correct representational form to Christian themes—to this the artistic unconsciousness of that epoch always felt most strongly bound. And as this tradition itself at no point went back to an original Christian source, so its continued development during the Middle Ages could never receive the impress of a direct creativity in the sense of an exclusively Christian language of form. Again Christianity expresses itself only in modifications, whose independence is partly unintentional. In short, Romanesque art remains, as the essential nature of its artistic mode of expression indicates, a derivative art. What is specifically Christian lies not in its form, but in its subject-matter. And this tension between form and subject even constitutes its peculiar historical and artistic charm. It has the fascination of some strange hybrid. Its form is often filled to bursting-point with the surging tide of the Christian need for expression, but as a style it remains doomed to dramatic paradox.

The Restrictedly Christian Character of Gothic

The hour of independence in the West only comes with the birth of Gothic. And by saying this the important question at once arises: can the independence of the West now at last be regarded as the independence of Christian art forms?

The first impulse is to answer with an unhesitating Yes. It is a firmly established belief that the spirit of the Gothic cathedrals is the purest and most powerful manifestation of the Christian Middle Ages. But even here a consideration, which goes to the roots of the matter, must after the first general agreement cause a certain doubt.

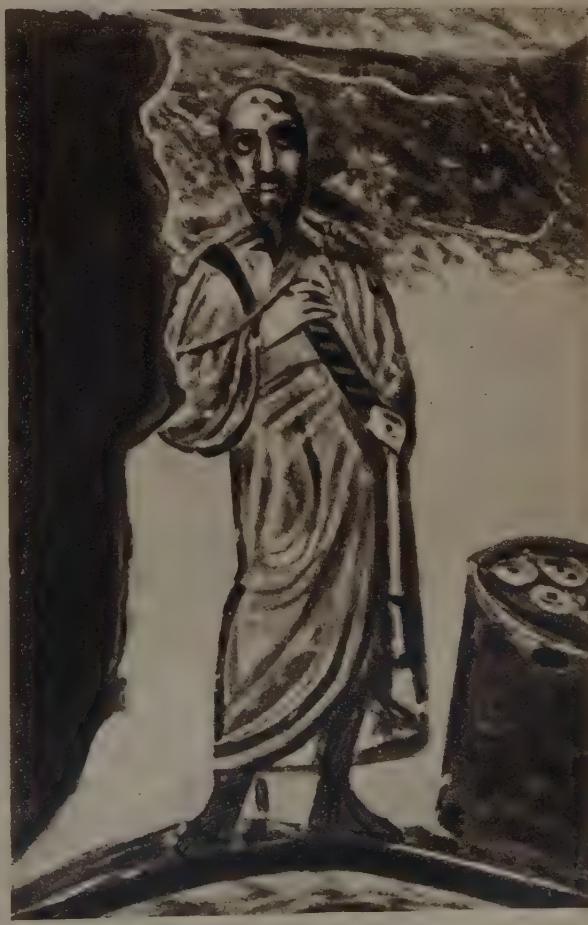
Our idea of Gothic is in the first place dominated by the

CHRISTIANITY IN ART

The New Year will see the beginning of an important series of broadcast addresses on 'God and the World through Christian Eyes', to be introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This Supplement is designed to illustrate the Christian Idea as it has found expression in Art throughout the world. Everywhere and at all times the spread of the Gospel has brought artistic inspiration. But in this Supplement some of the most familiar expressions of Christian Art (especially in Western Europe since the Renaissance) are omitted in order to find space for less well-known but striking examples from the far corners of the earth. Europe, Asia, Africa and America all contribute to this collection, the idea underlying which is discussed on the opposite page by Professor Wilhelm Worringer



Rome. The Good Shepherd. A fourth century painting from the Catacombs



Fourth century paintings of the Head of a Deceased Christian Woman (left) and of St. Paul (right). From the Catacombs at Rome, which contain the earliest examples of Christian art

From 'Le Picture delle Catacombe Romane' by Josef Wilpert (Desclée, Rome)



Coptic representation of the Raising of Lazarus in carved ivory. Probably sixth century
British Museum



A Passion Group, carved in wood in the twelfth century, and found at Tivoli
From 'Die Kunst des Frühen Mittelalters' (Propyläen-Verlag, Berlin)



Rays from the Torch of God shining on the face of the Psalmist. From the oldest illustrated Latin Psalter (Utrecht, ninth century)
From 'Die Kunst des Frühen Mittelalters' by Max Hauffmann (Propyläen-Verlag, Berlin)



Muslim representation of the Baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist.
MS. of Al-Beruni (fourteenth century), in the Edinburgh University Library
From 'The Old and New Testaments in Muslim Religious Painting' by
Arnold (Oxford University Press for the British Academy)



Persian painting of Jesus taking compassion on a dead dog. From an
illustration to Nizami's *Khamsah*, A.D. 1500 (Bodleian Library)
From 'Painting in Islam' by Arnold (Clarendon Press)



Muslim representation of the Nativity (probably sixteenth century). The
Virgin, in an attitude of exhaustion, leans against a withered date palm,
which at her touch bursts into leaf and fruit. The new-born babe,
wrapped in swaddling clothes, lies on the ground surrounded by a flame
halo of gold. (Collection of Mr. A. Chester Beatty)
From 'Painting in Islam' by Arnold (Clarendon Press)



Painting of the Magdalene by a seventeenth-century Moghul painter
Victoria and Albert Museum



Seventeenth-century portrait of Jesus by a Turkish artist, from a
genealogical tree of the Ottoman Sultans (Subhat al-Akhbar, National-
bibliothek, Vienna). Jesus is represented in the humble attitude of a
dervish. The portrait above is of Alexander the Great
From 'Painting in Islam' by Arnold (Clarendon Press)



Page from an Armenian Gospel. Twelfth century
From 'Die Kunst des Ostens' by H. Glück (Bruno Cassirer, Berlin)



Metal plaque of the Crucifixion found near Athlone, in Ireland.
Eighth or ninth century Celtic.
From 'Christian Art in Ancient Ireland,' Vol I.
(Stationery Office of the Irish Free State)

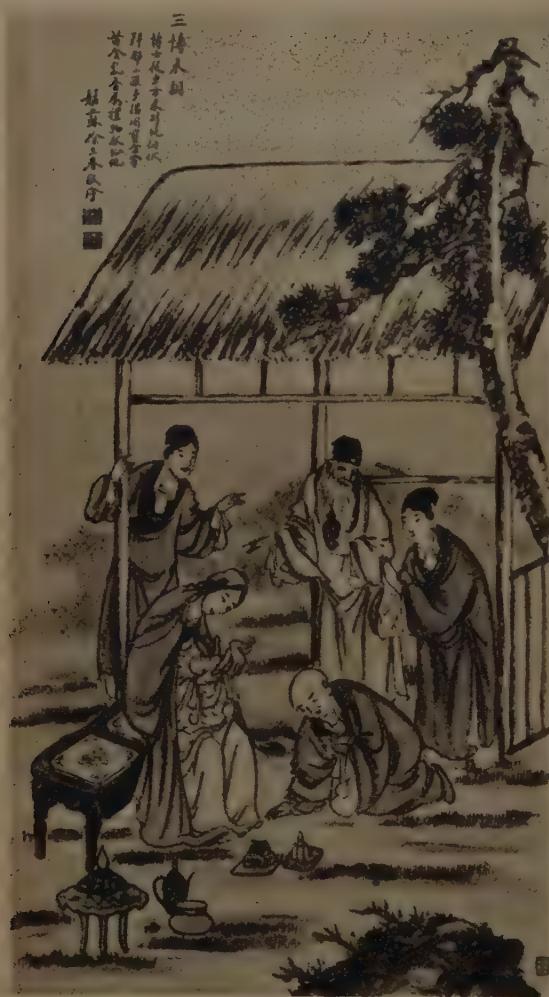


The Adoration of the Magi. A Byzantine mosaic of the sixth century at Ravenna

Photograph, Alinari



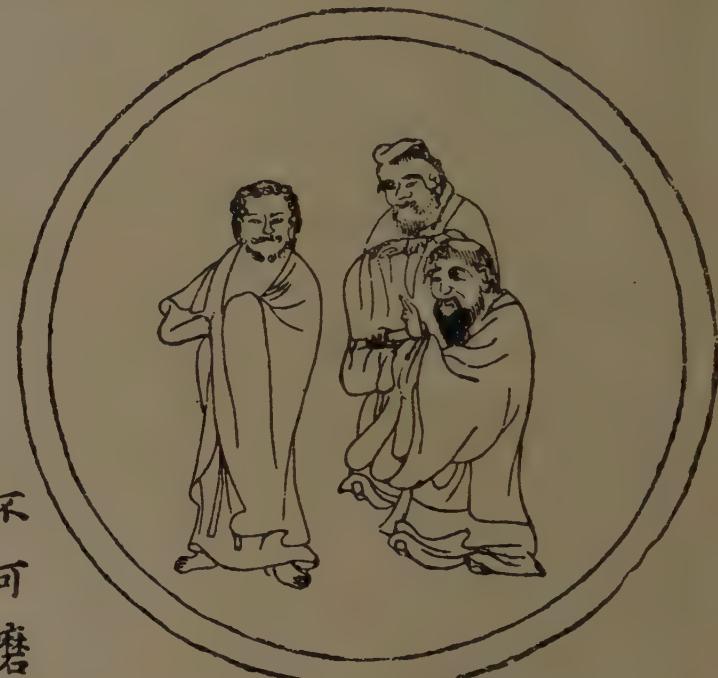
Russia. The Descent from the Cross. A sixteenth century icon of the Novgorod School
From 'The Russian Icon' by N. P. Kondakov (Clarendon Press)



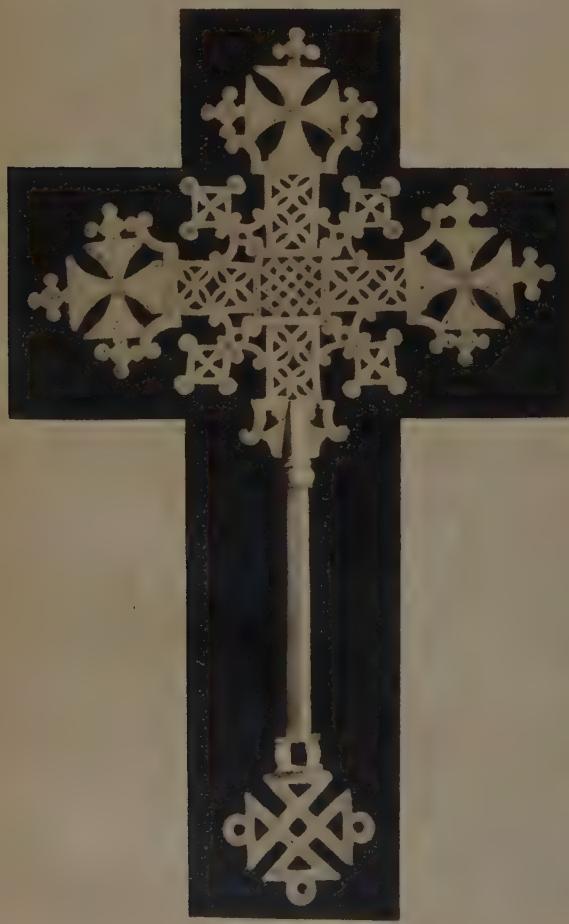
Adoration of the Magi by Hsü San-Chun, a modern Chinese Christian artist



A Chinese picture of The Good Shepherd



Christ with Nestorian Priests. A wood engraving by a Chinese painter of the seventh century, using as his model missionaries of the Nestorian Church



Ceremonial Cross used by the Patriarchs of Abyssinia



Wood carving by Pata Benda Bezalel Muhandiram in a modern Christian Church in Ceylon. The Cross is designed as the flower and climax of a Ceylon creeper. It denotes Life and Victory, as well as Death, thus portraying in one symbol both Good Friday and Easter



Austria. Sixteenth century Madonna carved in wood by Gregor Erhart
From 'Die Kunst der Renaissance in Deutschland,' by Gustav Glück
(Propyläen-Verlag, Berlin)



Bantu Madonna carved in teak by a native student at Pietersburg,
in the Transvaal. Modern
By courtesy of the S.P.G.



The Missionary and the Indian. Fresco in a preparatory school in Mexico, by José Orozco. Modern
From 'Histoire de l'Art'. Vol. VIII. (Colin, Paris)



The Virgin Mary, represented by a young Tahitian woman, holding the Child Jesus on her shoulder. By Paul Gauguin
By courtesy of Messrs. Knoedler



Hungary. Contemporary painting of The Annunciation by Paul C. Molnár

By courtesy of 'The Studio'

recollection of its grandiose architectonic manifestations. It is the Gothic cathedral which rises before our eyes when the word Gothic is used. Further, if we enquire more minutely, we learn that it is the outer appearance of these cathedrals which determines the nature of the impression. And that is quite right, since only its architectural mode of expression may be called absolutely incomparable and therefore a direct creation. For this mode of expression we fail to find any prototype. So in this way the question about the restrictedly Christian character of Gothic here rises in peculiar acuteness.

We might first decide whether the emphatic bias towards verticality displayed in these gigantic Gothic buildings can claim to be unequivocal evidence of the Christian structural impulse. As a result we shall be led straight to the conclusion that such an upward striving verticality is one of the few elementary ideas which the imagination of builders has at all times employed, and that it is continually reappearing in new forms during its long world-history. No proof is required beyond the great series of examples, which—beginning with the tower of Babylon and the Pyramids—proclaim the permanence of this vertical building principle at every time and in every place. For in the end one can hardly represent the idea of a symbolic relation between the building and the Beyond in any other way. The towards-heaven-reaching monument is the *conditio sine qua non* of every architectural phantasy which seeks to give a transcendental character to its creations. But this transcendence has an innate and dangerous double-meaning, in so far as every 'stepping up to' means, or can mean, also a 'stepping over and beyond'. In other words: every 'reaching-up' can also be a 'reaching beyond', every 'lifting oneself up to God' a 'lifting oneself above mankind'. In this ambiguity lies the possibility that a tower is not only the expression of a transcendental longing, but also the expression of an overweening pride. And even the great Gothic towers are not free from this dangerous ambiguity: they combine their transcendental character with the determination to announce in the most imposing manner imaginable the power of God's elected Church over all peoples of the world. Every bit as much as a transcendental 'Excelsior', they are a symbol of *ecclesia triumphans*. And so arise architectural structures, which in their basic notions are interchangeable with many other stone monuments imbued with a proud consciousness of power, and which therefore may not necessarily be interpreted as something belonging peculiarly to Christianity. In this connection it may be pointed out that the strongest of the mediæval monastic orders, the order of the Cistercians, relentlessly banished the overweening tower idea from its church-building programme.

'A Hymn in Spiritualised Stone'

If, therefore, nothing new and peculiar is to be found in the structural *idea* of these great Gothic towers, can it not possibly be found in their structural style? Not in the 'what', but in the 'how'? Let us therefore test this 'how' for its Christian legitimacy. What have we before us? An extraordinary achievement of structural ingenuity, that in its result really brings about a reversal of all hitherto customary architectural methods. Building becomes higher mathematics. All depends on the calculation that the stability of a building can be made independent of its material massiveness if once the decisive lines of force of the static factors have been determined. For then the structural task can be entrusted to these and these alone. Is that a Christian feature? An affirmative answer can only be given if we rely on the theological system of scholasticism, but who would want to put the speculative dialectic of scholasticism, with its Aristotelian origins, on perfect equality with the most essential nature of the Christian faith? Higher theology, yes! But Christianity in all the immediacy of its essential form? The answer must be in the negative, just as in the case of the higher mathematics of that scholasticism in stone.

But one could with some reason object that this whole subtle dialectical framework of Gothic exterior building is determined only by the special spatial requirements of the interior. For doubtless the primary motive is to be sought in the form given to the interior. And immediately one is inclined to say that here, if anywhere, we have Christian atmosphere. Here, where the structural necessities of the exterior are no longer in sight, we learn for the first time what the victory over matter is. Free and untrammelled like a flowering plant, space opens out upwards in rhythmic proportions and loses itself in the infinity of its vaulting. We do not realise that a problem of statics exists; only the rhythm of its instability fluctuates through the structural organism. In other words: the Gothic interior confronts the Latin script of all structural methods derived from the antique with the cursive script of Gothic. And in this delicate cursive script it seems to take down a lyrical poem full of the spirit of specifically Christian piety. A hymn in spiritualised stone!

Christian or Pagan?

I leave undecided the question whether the Gothic feeling for space is not inadmissibly romanticised and modernised by such a poetic interpretation; and whether, if he came back, Nietzsche would not be right in saying that in this way we introduce too much Wagnerian music into a setting of very

western and, essentially French clarity. Instead, I take up another consideration. Gothic interior space is a specifically rhythmical revelation. Now, has this rhythm a specifically Christian tonality? I have already given this rhythm a certain characteristic when I spoke of the plant-like growth of these pillars and columns. What does this imply? An elimination of the abstract architectonic logic in favour of a world of expression more related to the organic and therefore to the sensuous. It is a new sensuous perception that seeks to replace the hard inevitability of the static with the delicately fluctuating rhythm of the cursive script in building (by banishing that static function to the exterior). May we therefore call this new organic harmony specifically Christian? Should we not rather say that sensitive under-currents sprang up which repeat the rhythms of nature, of the natural as the ideal, and which henceforth work in a direction whose end-point is the Renaissance with its definitive affirmation of the natural? Plant-like surely means nature-like. Can we therefore call the victory of the organically natural, which takes place in the spatial rhythm of the Gothic interior, a victory of the specifically Christian? Certainly this new sensibility had in the first instance to pass through the medium of the transcendental ideas of Christianity, and thereby be purified of its too-worldly associations; but can we allow ourselves to forget that this super-sensuousness of expression which was then reached was once a sensuousness which had here been sublimated? Can we perhaps call Christianity sublimated sensuousness? If so, it becomes quite interchangeable with Greece. In short, this is the place where the exclusively Christian character of Gothic architecture must seriously be questioned.

The uncertainty grows when we turn to the forms of the splendid sculpture which is incorporated by an ideal symbiosis in the cathedral of the developed Gothic style. These statues to a new human nobleness and self-pride stand on the exterior of the building, but their spiritual and corporeal nature can only be completely understood by one who has acquired a proper focus from the rhythmical revelation given by the space in the interior, seized in all its essentials. For both are born out of the same spirit. And again in this case the decisive fact is, that new accents of naturalism begin to resound. A language of naturalism which is nevertheless beautifully muted in the transcendentalism of Christianity. But in spite of all muting something of the Greek ideal of refinement (*kalokagathia*) has arisen again in a Christian shape. A kind of Christianised Platonism. And such relations might even be proved historically.

Need we proceed in more detail to the Renaissance and Baroque in our brief revaluation? Any doubt about the pagan foundations of the Renaissance is silenced by the word itself. And the Baroque? Admittedly, in the victorious way in which it overcomes the tension of a new dualistic attitude towards life, in its revival of a transcendental energy, and in spite of the non-Christianity of its means which were throughout entirely sensuous, it had a new affinity to the peculiar essence of Christianity. But even if we put on one side the question of the validity of the Baroque interpretation of Christianity, the whole apparatus of its expression is far too subservient to the *ecclesia militans* and *triumphans* for any real and direct relation to the spiritual core of the Christian faith to be spoken of. This imposing style is adapted to the expression of the power and circumstance of the all-powerful Church. But its roots do not penetrate to the essentials of Christian church art. Even the palatial style can become a church style, as the Baroque proves, for then *l'état c'est moi* and *l'église c'est moi* become almost interchangeable.

Christianity has Remained Anonymous in Art

To sum up in conclusion—for with full justification we can neglect modern art—Christianity in its deepest essence has remained anonymous in art. Certainly it has adapted many forms and given some of its spirit to them, but no form can be pointed out which in its origins can be said to be Christian.

We have spoken only of Christian art in the West, but the result would not be much different if the enquiry were extended to the Christian East. The religious art of the Slavs has certainly had the great advantage of not knowing the paganism of the Renaissance, the advantage of having remained stationary in a phase of development which, like everything pre-Renaissance, was nearer to the springs of Christian piety and therefore was a less polluted medium of the Christian tradition. But this very phase of development to which it remained true was Christian in its application only, but not in its genesis, which history proves to have been hybrid.

Christianity is a form of spiritual life. For that reason it is destined by its nature to reveal itself only partially in material form. Christian art can only live 'in spite of', not 'because'. For its 'because' is realised only in the Beyond.

Abbot Suger, of St. Denis, has said: *Mens hebes ad verum per materialia surgit*. That means: human frailty reaches towards spiritual truths only through material means. This is the standpoint of resignation. A very Christian kind of resignation. But resignation has never been directly creative. Nor has Christian art.

To an Unnamed Listener

To One of my So-called Victims

By LOW

MANY a time, my friend, you've honoured, flattered, irritated and sickened me by referring to yourself and others as 'victims' of caricaturists. Often, perhaps, you were being merely facetious. But even your light use of the word 'victim' implies an attitude to the art of caricature which is obsolete, vulgar and offensive. You could perhaps have called yourself a 'victim' of caricature if you had lived in palaeolithic days, when primitive caricaturists would have painted horrible likenesses of you and jabbed them with spears, praying to their gods to afflict your own person in the spots thus indicated. Or again, if you had lived in one of those Mesopotamian civilisations, when they would have drawn grotesque portraits of you on the soles of the sandals of your enemies, so that they could have the pleasure of walking your face in the mud. Or even if you had lived only a mere hundred years or so ago, when the modern school of caricature was founded by Gillray and Rowlandson, and it was the custom to indicate disapproval of a statesman by depicting him as an obscene degenerate lying surrounded by bottles or dallying with his loathsome ladyloves while the country went to the dogs.

You might have called yourself a 'victim' then; but not today. Caricature in England today, my friend, is less inspired by caustic spirit than ever before in its history. It isn't too much to say that modern British caricaturists are cursed by a tender regard for the sensitive feelings of their subjects almost to the ruin of their art. Why? In the old days of Gillray caricatures were sold over the counter separately, take 'em or leave 'em. Today they appear in newspapers — commercial

enterprises with no soul for art. The caricaturist has to think of the sentimental disposition to hero-worship on the part of 'Constant Reader' and 'Regular Subscriber'. He practises moderation. He is careful not to make Mr. Baldwin's nose too much like a ping-pong ball, not to draw Mr. Thomas wearing a black tie with a white waistcoat. He controls with almost superhuman restraint the impulse to accentuate the Aunt Maria aspect of Mr. MacDonald's back hair. He abstains from sharpening Sir John Simon's head to vanishing point, and from accentuating the vulture glare of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's eye. Think for a moment of what an honest caricaturist could do to these persons. Think of the possibilities for him which lie in their political manœuvrings in the unemployment situation, the disarmament situation, the Eastern situation, the debt situation. Do we newspaper caricaturists use these possibilities? Shame on us for debauching the traditions of our art, we don't. We refrain from exercising the full vigour of ridicule on the persons or the political failures of statesmen. We even camouflage them with sycophantic good humour. Where once our ancestors dipped their pens in acid, we now dip ours in syrup. One of the most shameful results of this change is that even the subjects of caricature have come to like it. Mr. Winston Churchill said recently on this subject that 'they are quite offended and downcast when the cartoons stop'. And who should know better than Mr. Winston Churchill?

You, my friend, like to figure in caricatures in the newspapers; and so you should, obviously. It gives you importance—and publicity. In statesmanship, no less than in other vocations, it pays to advertise. It is particularly necessary in these days of widespread democracy for statesmen to exhibit themselves, because the masses upon whose favour they exist are always more interested in persons than in policies. You, as a statesman, must symbolise your policy in your person. Hence you must show yourself. The medium of caricature is a god-send to ambitious politicians, for it exhibits personality in an arresting and compelling manner. By blending picturesque fantasy with

fact, it creates an atmosphere of romance favourable to the evolving of the public legend which is the basis of personal success in politics. I hesitate to enlarge here upon the public services which caricaturists may have performed in various connections. But I have no hesitation in claiming that to you and your like they have performed, and do perform, a private service of no mean importance.

Consider the means of publicity available to you, other than caricature. By what means are you to familiarise the British public with yourself, stamp your image upon its memory? By your speeches? My dear sir, you flatter yourself. By your photographs? By your public appearances in the flesh? And that brings me to another question. What do you do for the caricaturist in return for all that he does for you? You sport your obsolete monocles, you flourish your effete pipes—this is old stuff, my friend, plagiarisms from cartoons of the past that have now become conventions of your type.

No. You have to be made, and, thank heaven, the observations of a caricaturist need not be confined to physical characteristics alone.

True, his representations must be in terms of the physical; but they can be more. He can bring to the surface those characteristics which are not entirely physical themselves, but which influence the physical; he can draw from physical characteristics their spiritual significance and give that significance greater emphasis; and he can, if necessary, reverse the process and draw from spiritual characteristics features and attitudes which have no justification in material fact, but which suggest abstract qualities which could not otherwise

be made plain. Hence he gives you comic hats, big noses, baggy trousers, dress-suits, bandy legs, disordered hair, expansive waistcoats, giraffe necks, cock-eyes and splay feet. He gives your qualities significance and expression. He illuminates, say, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in a representation of a jaw: he lays bare the essence of Lord Beaverbrook in a picture of a grin: he gives the waxworks life.

Now, a proper estimation of caricature demands a detachment of which the person caricatured is often incapable. It isn't easy for you, my friend, to detach yourself from yourself sufficiently to judge your own caricature. Of course, caricaturists have not always the right to expect gratitude, and the history of the art shows that they have not always received it. Pauson, the Greek, the first caricaturist identified in history, was ragged by Aristophanes, slated by Aristotle, and hurled into the river by a disgruntled subject. Gillray was led such a dog's life that finally, as a protest, he took off all his clothes and threw himself out of his window in Piccadilly. 'I can appreciate a good cartoon against myself', you say to me. You can do nothing of the sort, I do assure you. When you tell me that you like a cartoon of mine, I feel that there must be something the matter with it. The Victorian era produced the contradiction of caricature, the negation of satire, in the work of John Tenniel, who generally pictured you nobly clad in shining armour with John Bull saying to you, 'Well done, sir. England is proud of you', and it is significant that you gave him a pension.

When I draw you with your qualities carefully expressed in terms of picturesque exaggeration, you say, 'Here . . . that's not like my nose, is it?' I reply, 'That, my dear sir, is more like your nose than your nose is. That is a drawing of you not as you appear, but as you ought to appear'. I might add, if I wanted to be disrespectful, that the drawing depicts not you, but a much more interesting person of the same name; that to me you do not exist; or, alternatively, that you only exist as my invention. Indeed, when I put it to myself like that, I feel that I am wasting my time arguing with you.



When we were Low's victim in January, 1929

By courtesy of 'The Evening Standard'

Our Neighbours—XII

Economics and Politics in Modern France

By E. L. WOODWARD

AM setting out on an attempt to give you some idea of French economic life and the aims and methods of organised labour in France. Where am I to begin? We might try several lines of approach. We might notice the consequences which follow from the facts that France is less thickly populated, and, for its size, less industrialised than our own island south of the Forth-Clyde line. We might consider the development of the industrial revolution. England long held a lead over France in making and using the new machines. Napoleon organised commerce and industry as he organised everything in France. It is significant that one of the men to whose work he paid greatest attention was a Scottish immigrant named Douglas. When railways were built in France, they were built first by English contractors. Thomas Brassey built the line from Paris to Rouen, and brought over fifty English engine-drivers to drive the locomotives. Brassey went on building French railways for nearly twenty years; and it is significant that whereas road traffic in France keeps to the right, railway traffic follows the rule of the English railway builders, and keeps to the left. Many of the French industries were started with English machinery and by English engineers. Again, we might study figures of the output of French industry and agriculture. Take agriculture alone. Between 1789 and 1848, largely again as a result of introducing methods from our own country, the amount of fallow in France was reduced by a half, the amount of land under corn increased by a half, and the yield of wheat per acre increased by a third. There was another increase of a third in the average yield between 1848 and 1914. These figures, together with the industrial statistics, can be translated into terms which appeal more nearly to French housewives. In 1801, a Parisian artisan was paid a daily wage equal to the price of ten kg. of bread; in 1861 this daily wage was equal to the price of fourteen kg. of bread; just before the last war it was equal to twenty-six kg. of bread. It has fallen now, roughly, to its equivalent in terms of bread during the 1880's. Of course, the prices of other commodities, in relation to wages, would show different fluctuations; the daily wage of 1801 would buy twice as many eggs—probably smaller eggs—than the wage of 1913. But the figures for bread give a general indication of the rise in the standard of living before 1914 and the fall since 1914. Again we might investigate the character of French industry yesterday and today. We should find that there has been, together with the development of large scale metallurgical and textile industries, a specialisation in articles of high artistic finish. France has proportionately more small workshops than England, Wales or Scotland. We might study the history of tariffs in France. In the middle years of the nineteenth century Napoleon III tried to introduce into France a system of freer, if not entirely free, trade. The history of Richard Cobden's negotiation of the treaty of 1860 shows the Emperor's sincerity. The consequences of Napoleon's policy were interesting. Other countries, if they wanted a share in the French market, were forced to negotiate commercial treaties and to lower their tariffs. It is a sign of the interdependence of politics and economics that the military defeat of Napoleon by Germany was followed by the diffusion in Europe of more strongly nationalist ideas of economic policy. The free traders in France could not stand out against this new protectionist current of ideas. The Third Republic became strongly protectionist, and has remained protectionist.

Survivals of Serfdom

But I do not want to give you the economic history of France in outline. I want rather to discuss certain features of French economic life which differentiate France from our own and other countries. Let us begin with the land and those who live by it. The French Revolution abolished the remains of serfdom in France, and did away with all those privileges of lordship and survivals of an earlier time when the primary social relationship was the relation between lord and man. These survivals of the feudal period were everywhere irksome, and in many cases definitely oppressive. Henceforward there were no lords and men in France; there were only French citizens equal before the law. The work was done very thoroughly and done in the end without compensation to those who lost their feudal privileges. One can notice the contrast with Germany. The condition of the peasants was worse in Germany than in France at the time of the French Revolution. As you went eastwards in Europe, the lot of the common man became more severe—it was said that the serfs of Poland could only cultivate their own lands by moonlight. In Prussia, after Napoleon had defeated the Prussian armies and the Prussian people wanted to modernise their State, serfdom was abolished. The former owners of the serfs were given compensation, and as late as 1914 there were peasants who were still paying off the last instalments of the money advanced by the

State to provide, not the money for land, but the compensation for labour services belonging to the old status of serfdom. In France these wide and fundamental reforms did much to strengthen the position of peasant proprietors. The great estates of the Church, the lands of the nobles who had left France, the émigrés, as they were called, came on the market. One must not exaggerate the effects of the Revolution upon the class of peasant owners. The peasants of France were buying land steadily before the Revolution from a nobility which was living recklessly beyond its means. A great deal of the confiscated land was bought by middle-class speculators, and the cultivator only exchanged one landlord for another. Moreover, even today there is much exaggeration about the number of land-owning peasants in France. Who is a peasant? To a foreigner in France, and especially to a townsman, almost everyone who works on the land is regarded as a peasant. These cultivators look alike when you see them at their work; people do not generally wear their best clothes when they are working in the fields or tending the cattle! If you make careful enquiries about these agricultural workers you will find that less than half of them own the land from which they gain their living. There are today some two-and-a-half million of these small or moderately small landowners. The number is slightly increasing. There are about a million tenant farmers, and something over a quarter of a million farmers living under the old-fashioned and troublesome system of métayage. You will find them mainly in the east and south-east. On the other hand, the poorest members of the non-land-owning class, the agricultural labourers, are decreasing in numbers in France, as in other countries. There is less demand for their labour since the development of agricultural machinery. The attraction of the towns is strong, particularly for those who have no land of their own. One result of this migration to the towns is worth noticing. Life is easier for those who stay; they can get better terms for their labour; their standard of living has gone up—there was need for this improvement.

A Negative Stability

Although the actual number of peasant proprietors in France is not as great as many people think, these two-and-a-half millions are of considerable political importance. Their existence goes some way towards solving one of the paradoxes of modern France—the contrast between the stability of French political life as a whole and the instability of French politics. People who own land, however little land they may own, do not as a rule want the social system upset. Again I must not exaggerate the element of stability introduced by a class of small landowners. The landless workers on the land have less interest in maintaining the existing social order. The land-hunger of landless men has brought about many of the great revolutions in history. Moreover, the peasants as a class are said by French observers to be losing their old-fashioned virtues—some people would not use the term 'virtues'; in their habits of thought, as well as in their dress, they are becoming much more like the small bourgeois of the towns. As landowners they are proof against communism and direct socialist propaganda; they are perhaps less proof against what I might call a disguised form of socialism—I should add that I am not committing myself to any view about the desirability of socialism, plain or disguised! One might say, therefore, that the agricultural class in general, and the small landowners in particular, provide an element of stability, but it is a stability of a negative kind, and I should doubt whether the ultimate decision about the future economic or political framework of French society lies with the countrymen and the cultivators of the soil.

Let us come then from the land to the cities. What has been the effect of the Revolution upon the relations between capital and labour, and the treatment of social questions in France? The French Revolution, looked at from an economic point of view, was a liberal movement, but it was not an attack upon property. A minority of the revolutionary leaders wanted to go beyond the establishment of legal equality, beyond political equality, beyond the removal of privilege, and set up a new society of equals. They felt that the Revolution must be taken one stage farther, and that while agglomerations of private property remained, privilege would remain. This minority was suppressed. Its leaders were guillotined. Nevertheless, looking back over the history of the Revolution, one can see that it was preparing the way for an attack upon property. It destroyed the outworks of property. Its success seemed to justify the revolutionary method of doing things. It was, after all, possible to make a clean sweep of an old regime. This revolutionary tradition survived the defeat of Napoleon. On the other hand, the working class in France soon learned that they still had

a long way to go before they would want to close the era of revolution. You will remember that I divided Frenchmen politically into two parties, the party of resistance and the party of movement. The working class, almost without exception, belonged to the party of movement. The reason is simple. The new machines, the new factories, the new industries, brought with them neither liberty nor equality for the working class. Equality between worker and capitalist seemed impossible.



Burning the symbol of royalty—a contemporary cartoon of the French Revolution of 1848

The French working man, suffering under the terrible conditions of the early machine age, began to think that he had put too much emphasis upon political equality. Political equality meant nothing, or rather, it meant a trap set for the worker, unless it was accompanied by economic equality. You would expect therefore that there would be a second French Revolution, and that this Revolution would be directed against property, and in favour of the economic reorganisation of society. This revolution took place in 1848. Its causes were political as well as economic, but the leaders of the working class took the chance of compelling the middle classes to make the experiment of co-operative workshops, and to recognise 'the right to work'. The experiment failed. It was not given a fair chance by the middle-class politicians. Even if these politicians had given it a fair chance, it would have failed. The schemes put forward by the early socialists were not well thought out, and French society, working-class as well as middle-class society, was not ready for them. The failure was accompanied by another revolution in Paris. This revolution was only put down after great loss of life. The property-owners were frightened, and the leaders of the working class discredited; their organisation was broken, and during the Second Empire there was nothing like the movement which had alarmed the party of resistance during the generation after Waterloo.

Consider now for a moment not merely the revolutionary tradition established between 1789 and 1795, and fostered by the history of the June days of 1848 and the Commune of 1871, but also the literal aspect of the first Revolution. The reforms of the first national assembly had cleared away the restrictions upon freedom of movement and freedom of trade and choice of occupation within the frontiers of France. The term *laissez-faire* is a French term, though the policy behind this term took deepest root in English soil. The belief in individual freedom in contract as opposed to status as the basis of social life has affected the modes of French social and economic development ever since the Revolution of 1789. Factory legislation came later in France than in our own country. There are many reasons for this lateness. The growth of an industrial proletariat was later in France than in England; the French industrial population has never been so large. French trade unions are of later date and less homogeneous; the leaders of working-class movements have been more concerned with the re-organisation of society on the grand scale than with the policy of small gains. Yet even so, it is remarkable to compare the progress of social legislation in France with its progress in England. The first factory Act of practical importance in France was not passed until 1874; only in 1892 was a ten-hour day established for women in factories; only in 1900 was the ten-hour day extended to all work-people in factories employing both men and women. A six-day week was only made obligatory in 1906. During the last quarter of a century labour legislation has made rapid progress in France, yet the conditions of labour are better and the rates of wages are higher in Great Britain.

I have already mentioned the slow development of trade unions in France. The revolution of 1789 has had something to do with this slowness of development. Once again we must come back to the question of the security of the regime—this problem of security which we have followed in its repercussions upon French foreign and internal policy. The regime established by the first Revolution could not allow any rival associations in France. The old estate of the nobility, the great association of the Catholic Church, were examples of the danger of allowing powerful and privileged bodies to grow up within the large society. Every regime in France followed the example of the men of 1789. Every Government persisted in reducing the citizens of the French State to political atoms. Nearly a century ago, a French statesman, describing the dangerous consequences of this policy, spoke of the citizens as ground down to a 'kind of political dust'. The Government in power feared that any association might become the nucleus of a conspiracy against the established order. As a result there was far less liberty of association in France than in our own country. Associations of working men were tolerated before they were legal; but they were not legalised until 1864, and they were not recognised in their English form until 1884. It was not indeed until after the last war that they obtained the full legal privileges and status enjoyed by English trade unions. For this reason French trade unionism has not been the school of conciliation and practical administrative and political experience which it has proved itself in England.

Understanding Modern French Socialism

Now if we put together these main historical characteristics of French economic life, we shall find that we can understand certain distinctive features of modern French socialism. We shall remember the tradition of revolution, the unattractiveness of slow, evolutionary methods to a people which has known the results of revolutionary action. We shall remember the intensification of feeling in a country where there have been social conflicts as bitter as those of 1848 and 1871. Eight hundred regular soldiers—not country recruits—were killed and 1,500 wounded in the June days of 1848. On the side of the revolutionaries alone about 17,000 people were killed in the suppression of the Commune. In the third place, we shall consider the effects of the restriction of the right of association, and the influences of the policy of *laissez-faire* in industry, the tradition



Europe after 1815 controlled by the money-bags of the financier (Rothschild)
Illustrations from 'L'Histoire, La Vie, Les Mœurs, et la Curiosité'
(Librairie de la Curiosité et des Beaux-Arts, Paris)

of leaving the workman to make the best bargain which he can make for himself. More than eighty years ago the President of the French Chamber once said to the House, 'We are here to make laws, not to find work for work-people'. A sharp line therefore divided socialists from non-socialists in France, and this line was not really blurred by the attempt of the left wing radicals to borrow a good many socialist proposals. There is nothing in the history of English socialism to correspond with the violence of feeling which followed the entry of the socialist Millerand into a bourgeois Cabinet. This division between socialists and non-socialists was accompanied by further divisions among the socialists themselves. Many of the socialists were as intolerant of differences of opinion in their own ranks as they were of bourgeois politics and politicians. The French socialist party split into two sections in 1882, and these sections

split again until there were four or five rival socialist groups. The most remarkable of these groups in the last decade of the nineteenth century and in the early years of this century were the syndicalists. Syndicalism is perhaps the most characteristic French form of socialism. The syndicalists would have nothing to do with parliamentary methods or with schemes of economic betterment brought about by fearful trade union pressure. English and even German socialism seems a watery affair in comparison with the revolutionary plans of the French syndicalists. Karl Marx's great book has nothing of the excitement or the finish of Sord's *Reflexions sur la violence*. This French school of thought adopted the anarchist view that it was necessary to destroy not only the capitalist system but the State itself. The virtues of patriotism and duty to one's country should have no meaning to the working-class: this class had no interest in a country in which it had no real stake. The radical parties would never abolish the capitalist system; the electorate was too ignorant to know its own real interests, and would not within a measurable time return a socialist majority. Even if the socialist party came into power its members would soon take the line of least resistance and ally themselves with the bourgeois, and use the bourgeois instruments of police, justice, and the courts of law. The workers must seek their own salvation by means of the weapon of a general strike. The syndicalist's aim was the substitution of a federation of industrial unions for the political State. The movement captured the central labour organisation, the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, partly because the voting on this body was by union and not by numbers. The larger unions had little wish to upset the whole of society; the smaller unions, which were in a weaker financial position, were more ready to listen to revolutionary proposals. The C.G.T. did in fact bring about a number of serious strikes, especially between 1906 and 1910. The number of active syndicalists was never more than a small proportion of the membership of the trade unions, but their party laid more stress upon force and leadership than upon mere numbers. Moreover, the parliamentary socialists were unwilling to oppose the extremists of their own side, and to lay themselves open to the charge of lukewarmness in the good cause and the risk of violent heckling at their meetings. On the whole, however, the failure of the

strikes to shake the foundations of the State and the strong answer of the government weakened the practical force of syndicalism, yet the theory remained one of the characteristic features of through-going French socialism, and had very considerable influence abroad. The guild socialist movement in England owes much to the writings of the French syndicalists.

The French Middle Class

The character of French socialism has changed little since the War. There are still parliamentary socialists, and socialists who think that a programme of compromise and moderate reform is dangerous to their cause since the reforms tend to lessen the grievances of the working class, and weaken their allegiance to the main task of the movement—that is to say, the substitution of some new form of society for the capitalist regime. If I were intending to offer you a forecast of the future of French socialism—and I may say at once that I do not intend to give myself away so rashly—I should have to take into account one factor which is often forgotten by socialists themselves. I have already mentioned the small landowners. I should also have to deal with the growth of the middle class. There is a very large middle class in France. This large class is increasing. The middle class is itself changing in character; many of the attacks, not always very intelligent attacks, made upon it in France, as in England, take insufficient account of these changes in outlook and habit. The middle class is, for example, less timid, far more ready to defend itself against revolution than in previous years. I will not say whether I think that the society of the future will be organised upon the lines suggested by the thinkers of the extreme Left in France; but I believe it is safe to say that, if we could awake into the society of the generation next but one or two, we should find that this society would appear to us more like a bourgeois than a proletarian society: but I will add that the term bourgeois will have changed its meaning. In any case, if we were to awake into this France of the future we should still find ourselves in a fair country, among a people of pleasant speech and delightful ways; and, if we wished to understand the habits and the order of this people we should be asked, as I venture to ask you now, to study the history of the France of yesterday.

Consider Your Verdict—X

The British Broadcasting Corporation v. The Scorchlight Press

THE CASE:—This trial, like all its predecessors, is based on purely imaginary facts. In November, 1932, a paper called *The Scorchlight* published an article headed 'After Ten Years', containing this passage: 'For ten years the B.B.C. has claimed to be above controversy and ever impartial, putting forward all views sincerely and fairly. The B.B.C., it has been said, has no opinions—it is merely the means whereby opinions are expressed. Just test this in the light of some incontestable facts: The refusal to broadcast Mr. Churchill's speech on Finance and World Currency; the commercial advertising of certain gramophone companies by announcing their names and the numbers of their records; the refusal to afford an opportunity for the Rationalistic attitude to religion to be dealt with on the wireless; the withholding of news bulletins until after 6 p.m. so that newspaper interests should be protected—these matters show the real attitude of the B.B.C. The B.B.C. is biased. It displays political reaction and moral cowardice, and it is evident that it is controlled by vested interests'. The Corporation sues the Scorchlight Press for libel.

COMMENTS:—The infrequent spectacle of the British Broadcasting Corporation publicly pulling its own leg is refreshing. But even more than hitherto we missed the rest of the trial, and the voices of the cavalcade of 'highly-placed officials' in the witness-box. The situation, though fictitious, would have been as ironical as those real occasions when the Public Prosecutor gave evidence at an enquiry, and when a recently appointed Judge doffed his wig and went into the witness-box where he gave evidence about a case in which he had appeared as counsel, the fees he had then received, and his emoluments as a King's Counsel. Every member of the jury can take a personal interest in the facts and the issue. Wireless has become to many as much a habit as one's newspaper or one's breakfast: each an object of criticism and frequently an affront to digestion, but none the less not easily dispensable. Like the House of Commons, the B.B.C. is a national institution. Both those institutions will have to prove themselves incalculably more ineffective than they are at present before a formidable section of the public canvasses their total abolition.

But here is no invitation to iconoclasm. There is no question that the passage is defamatory. That charge the defendants themselves admit. Again the judge ruled, quite incontestably, that the subject-matter of the language is a matter of public interest. Our problem is to decide whether or no the words

constitute 'fair comment'. If there are any untrue statements of defamatory fact as distinguished from comment, the judge told us that we can, without further investigation, find for the B.B.C. Supposing we are desirous of abridging our consideration, we should be entitled to stop here. There is such an allegation towards the end of the libel. Counsel for the plaintiffs made a quite satisfactory attack upon the statement that news was withheld till 6 p.m. to protect newspaper interests. If we accept his explanation about the news agencies, which can, I believe, only be answered by mere dialectics, there is already a complete case for the Corporation. But suppose we are not yet satisfied, we have then to consider whether the comments are 'fair' in the ordinary English acceptation of the adjective. The counsel for the Scorchlight Press made a speech, parts of which were brilliant. But even he was moved to eulogise the work of the Corporation and failed, I thought, to destroy the impression created by the counsel for the Corporation. It was the speech for the plaintiffs which seemed to me the most vital part of this case. He disposed easily of the complaint that Mr. Churchill was not allowed to broadcast. Possibly the public missed a feast of instruction and entertainment, but the discussions which would have followed so great an authority would have disturbed a programme arranged some time ahead. The gramophone records were no less adequately explained. But, though his conclusions may have been correct, was he not dangerously dogmatic when he said: 'The religion of this country is Christian, and, of course, the vast majority of this country are Christians'? What exactly did he mean? Is England Christian in principle or in practice or in both? If his object was to raise prejudice in the minds of the jury, he may have succeeded only in rousing a resentful criticism of a misleading observation. But any obvious special pleading at this point was astutely overshadowed by a masterly touch just before he sat down. 'I am instructed, members of the jury, not to ask for damages in this case'—and then followed more compassion from Cresus. In spite of the cunning gibes of counsel for the Scorchlight Press, in spite of the judge's warning against this kind of prejudice, in spite of the B.B.C.'s mountainous revenue, hundreds of thousands of which flows into the national exchequer, this virtuous generosity of the plaintiffs will serve to ingratiate them with the jury, many of whom, if they have any selective capacity or catholicity of interest, have enjoyed scores of hours of broadcasting for a fee of 10s. per annum.

VYVYAN ADAMS

Should the Divorce Law be Amended?

I—The Case for Amendment

By LORD BUCKMASTER

IN all discussions on divorce the argument divides itself into two heads: First, should divorce be permitted for any reason? Second, if it be permitted, what are the grounds upon which it should be obtained? The first is outside the bounds of everything but religious controversy, upon which I decline to embark. It serves no good purpose to argue with deep-seated religious belief, nor even to point out that there is no agreement among different sects, nor (apart from Roman Catholicism) even among members of the same sect, as to what the religious law is that should prevail. For over three hundred years adultery has been recognised as a ground for the dissolution of marriage. Until the Divorce Act of 1857, it could, however, only be obtained by private Act of Parliament; since that date it has been a statutory right. Up to 1923 this right could only be exercised by a man; since that date it has been open equally to women and to men. So that today the law, which no one seeks to repeal, enables a marriage to be dissolved owing to the commission of a single act of infidelity, committed either by a woman or a man, and that without the least regard to the circumstances or the temptation which led to the commission of the act.

Accepting the recognised social wisdom of permitting divorce, the question, and the only question, is whether adultery should remain the sole condition upon which it should be allowed. To accept such a view is a degradation of marriage. It assumes that the physical union of a man and his wife is the soul and essence of the true relationship, and thus wholly denies the finer influences which make marriage an honourable estate. Marriage is the one great romantic adventure which is open to all. In the words of Carlyle: 'Once for every girl and stripling, the gates of Eden are placed ajar'. But that Eden is not constituted by mere physical enjoyment. It is the common struggle, the mutual sharing of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, of achievements and disappointments, that raises it supreme above every other territory. But as it offers the prospect of the highest happiness, it offers also the possibility of the most unfathomable misery and woe. No marriage ceremony can weld into one two natures which are in their very essence incapable of union, and disillusion often leaves the two people wider apart than if they had never met. Even then, however, expedients or adjustments may be possible, but there are conditions which render such accommodation beyond all human power.

These are the conditions which the Royal Commission on Divorce declared should, in the interests of justice and morality, be accepted as further grounds for divorce. They are summarised under the following heads:—

1. Desertion for three years and upwards.
2. Cruelty.
3. Incurable insanity, after five years' confinement.
4. Habitual drunkenness.
5. Comuted death sentence and imprisonment.

It seems to me impossible that anyone could deny that any one of these completely shatters and destroys not merely one obligation of matrimony, but the entire relationship.

Desertion is in some ways the most cruel of all, and among poorer people it is incapable of remedy. A man disappears, and leaves his wife, and possibly children. Without expense, that cannot be provided, it is impossible to trace his footsteps, and the woman is left alone, without any chance of being able to remarry, and without any hope for the relief of her loneliness, except by establishing a new relationship, unrecognised by law and unsanctioned by religion, which, in the interests of morality, all must condemn. That a man so leaves his wife in order to lead the life of a hermit or an anchorite, and that from the day of his desertion he proposes to exhibit an example of impeccable chastity, no sane man for a moment thinks. None the less, in the absence of proof that adultery has taken place, relief for the deserted wife is impossible. In Scotland, for over three hundred years, desertion has been a ground for divorce, and there is no one bold enough or foolish enough to assert that this has in any way impaired the happiness of Scottish homes, or in the least degree weakened or impaired the strength of the marriage tie.

Cruelty is in some ways even more terrible than desertion. It is, of course, chiefly the woman who suffers. I cannot do better than quote the words of the Royal Commission, which said:

It seems shocking that a woman is bound to remain the wife of a man who has been guilty of such gross cruelty towards her that it is absolutely unsafe for her as regards life or health to continue to live with him. A remarkable instance of this is afforded in cases of men compelling their wives to prostitute themselves for their husbands' maintenance, cases by no means uncommon.

I need not add to that the communication of venereal disease, in some cases knowingly, in other cases negligently, which, though an acknowledged act of cruelty, gives no ground for divorce unless it can be inferred that the disease was contracted as the result of an act of adultery, a thing impossible if, as often happens, the disease is communicated immediately after marriage. How people, who desire to maintain a fine ideal of married life, can possibly consent to compelling a woman to submit to such treatment, passes my comprehension. The fact that a separation can be obtained in such circumstances is no remedy. Judicial separation was defined by a learned writer as 'one of the most corrupting devices ever imposed by serious natures on blindness and credulity. An ill-begotten monster, made up of pious doctrine and worldly stupidity': and it was condemned by the Royal Commission as an unnatural and unsatisfactory remedy, leading to evil consequences.

Insanity stands on a different footing. The afflicted person may suffer through no wrong of their own, but the result on the marriage tie is no less deplorable. Again, the Royal Commission stated that there are a great number of married persons who are hopelessly insane. To them their wives or husbands are as strangers, and they are, except in a physiological sense, practically dead. With regard to the marriage contract, they are unable to understand it, to remember it, or to fulfil its obligations, and in large numbers of cases such conditions have arisen within a few weeks or months, and in some instances a few days of marriage. Among many people it is stated that irregular unions, immorality, and the production of illegitimate children are the frequent result, and the wife may in some instances be driven to prostitution. Here again the marriage tie and all its obligations have been completely broken.

Habitual drunkenness must stand out before the eyes of everyone as a source of misery of the most serious character. It was said by the Royal Commission to produce as much, if not more, suffering for the sober partner and the children of the marriage as any other in the list of grave causes. Loss of self-respect, personal uncleanness, neglect of and cruelty to children, a tendency to gross and indecent behaviour, produce a state of things which make companionship impossible, and if, in addition, the woman, as is only too often the case, is compelled to submit herself to her husband's embraces, a condition of physical and moral filth and abomination is produced, hard to describe and impossible to rival. How people who desire to maintain a high ideal of marriage can possibly support a condition in which a woman's nature may be trampled in the mud under the heels of a drunken brute is one of the things in this controversy that I have never been able to understand.

Finally, there remains the position of the woman whose husband has been sentenced to death and the sentence commuted. That these cases are uncommon is certain, but I have never understood why, if injustice is bitter and undeserved, it should be maintained because only a few people suffer from its effect. The injustice is manifest. Had the sentence of the law been executed, the woman would be free. Because mercy has been shown to the man, she remains bound. The man must spend the rest of his days in a living tomb, and the woman must spend hers within the shadow of the sepulchre.

No consideration of these questions should overlook the enormous importance of their influence on any children of the marriage, and in every one of the added causes I have mentioned the influence on the children of maintaining the marriage can only be disastrous. To bring up children in a home where their mother has been compelled to submit to continual acts of cruelty; where either their father or their mother is the slave of the disgusting indecency of habitual drunkenness; or where their mother is being continually tempted to establish immoral relations, can only be disastrous in the last degree.

People have often expressed their fears that to extend the grounds for divorce would also extend the opportunity for collusion. But how a man can collude with his wife that he should wilfully desert her for three years, that he should treat her with habitual cruelty, or become incurably addicted to drink, hopelessly insane, or commit a murder for which he will be sentenced to death with a chance of reprieve, is one of the things that my limited understanding has never been able to grasp. Another phrase, with similar entangling consequences, is that 'hard cases make bad law'. This, by some strange process, has been interpreted into meaning that hard cases cause bad laws to be passed. Nothing of the kind has ever happened, nor do the

words mean that it has. They mean that either the hard cases show that the law is bad, or that they induce judgments of the courts that are not in accordance with the law. But neither the one interpretation nor the other means that the hardships should not be remedied. That increased facilities for divorce will permit reckless marriages is a strange consideration. It assumes that people will marry improvidently because if one of the parties becomes either insane, a murderer, or a drunkard, the marriage can be dissolved. It is not my experience that these considerations are present in the minds of a young man and woman who propose to marry.

In conclusion, I need only repeat that all these grounds that I

have discussed were declared by the Royal Commission to be necessary in the interests of justice and morality. I add to that this: that they are necessary for supporting and elevating married life, the true conception of which is not to be found by considering one alone of all its many elements. It is in the realisation of its comradeship that there is to be found courage to face the chequered struggle of life, and without that struggle life has no colour or taste. Its best conception is to be found in the words of Browning, who sums up the failure of two people who had not the courage to face the fight, in the splendid and tremendous paradox: 'We have not sighed deep, laughed free, starved, feasted, despaired, been happy'.

II—*The Case against Amendment*

By DAME BEATRIX LYALL

I FEAR mine is the unpopular side in this argument and I am under the great disadvantage of having no right of reply to one of the greatest lawyers of our generation.

I believe that increased facilities for divorce are against the national interest, against individual happiness in the long run, and also against the law of God. This is a Christian country, and even if we are not professing Christians a strict marriage law works for the greatest good of the greatest number. The family is the unit of the nation upon which all else is built and it can best be guarded by the stability which comes by keeping our marriage vows of 'For better for worse till death us do part'. It is argued sometimes that marriage is a contract and therefore breakable by the wish of the parties concerned. I believe marriage to be much more than a contract. It is a relationship, a joining of two persons, the sanctuary of human passion. In a marriage in church, the couple have asked for the blessing of God and have connected spiritually their own most solemn vows with God's promise and blessing, and they have invoked His witness to those vows. They also hear pronounced those words of Christ Himself, 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder'. Isn't it very hard to be tied to someone you no longer care for? it is argued. It does seem hard sometimes, I know, but people should be more careful whom they marry. After all, we cannot break our other relationships. You may be ashamed, say, of a brother or sister, but you cannot break the relationship; and a husband or wife is the only relation we choose for ourselves by our own will, so we ought not to grumble. Christ's teaching on marriage has done more for upholding the position of women and for safeguarding family life than anything else in the world, and is not to be lightly cast aside for specious arguments or hard cases, though well I know how sad eases appeal to our hearts. In discussing this question it is well to remember that there was no Divorce Court in England before 1857. It was thought it would be little used, but in a few years its author, Judge Campbell, deeply regretted his action, as he said he saw he had by it brought misery instead of happiness.

I have often heard the criticism that those who do not believe in divorce offer no remedies for what we all acknowledge is a great evil. This is a criticism that has not only to be met but to be forestalled. We do not admit that the Easier Divorce Bills which from time to time have appeared are remedies at all; we consider they would increase the evil. These Bills all have at least four cardinal faults. They are against the teaching of Our Lord. They preach the doctrine of non-forgiveness, a fatal thing to married happiness—surely love should be capable of forgiving anything, as the best of us find in regard to our children. They set happiness rather than duty and honour as the ideal of life, and would fail to provide it. They seem entirely to ignore the children, who are, after all, the vital part of the problem. We must put the 'child in the midst', and in that setting only can our view be a correct one. In the leasehold marriage to which easier divorce must inevitably lead, children will be regarded as it were as the inconvenient fixtures who have to be taken over from the previous tenant, inarticulate and unhappy little fixtures, in whom the new tenant has little interest. It may fairly be asked, has easy divorce brought happiness? The following words of President Roosevelt emphatically deny that. He stated, 'The census of divorce is fairly appalling. Easy divorce is a bane to any nation. It is a curse to society and a menace to the home, an incitement to married unhappiness; an evil thing for men and a still more hideous evil thing for women'. Also a justice of the Supreme Court stated, 'My experience has proved to me that divorce is a cancer in the vitals of American life, it is undermining the whole structure of society'. So much for the testimony from the land of easy divorce!

It is astonishing to me that women as a whole do not realise the danger of allowing desertion as a ground for divorce. We lose our looks and attractions, get too fat or too skinny, and if it is easy and respectable for men to change their life's partner many a middle-aged woman, who has been a real helpmate through hard times, will find her husband and home gone from her for an inadequate cause, at the attraction of a younger and

prettier face. It is human nature to make the best of what you cannot get out of, and many couples get on quite happily, making the best of each other's failings, who might not do so if temptation for release was at all times possible. 'Opportunity makes the thief', and will also, I believe, make the home-wrecker.

Much stress is laid on unhappy marriages, but is a change of partner any remedy? Re-marriage by no means leads to the happiness promised to all and sundry. Indeed, it is impossible to divide marriage into two classes, 'happy' and 'unhappy'. Many are 'piebald' and if their inner history were written the partners concerned would own that at one time shipwreck threatened them, but because of the sense of lifelong union they altered their course, acquired mutual forbearance and understanding, and reached the beautiful harbour of happy marriage. Happiness cannot be grabbed at, but it is often obtained when we least expect it by a give-and-take thought for others.

A great point is made by our critics of incurable insanity, drunkenness, or crime. Many experts assert that none is incurable. I have personally known cases where the so-called incurable has been cured and has returned to the love awaiting him or her in the home: the sheltering, forgiving, uplifting love has so helped those sufferers that a stranger would have no idea of the tragedy that once darkened their lives. The question of morality that is often raised is, I am certain, all on the side of a strict marriage law. Ireland, with no Divorce Court, has had the smallest number of illegitimate births. I am asked, 'Why is a woman to be forced to live with a man who beats her, or a man with a woman who drinks or neglects her home?' No one forces them to do so; separation is necessary sometimes. 'Isn't it better to have divorces than separations?' is also a natural question. I think not, as separation leaves the door open for reconciliation. In the evidence before the Royal Commission estimates varying from 50 to 70 per cent. were given of separated couples returning to each other, and in one London Police Court, where special trouble is taken, the figures given me a few years ago were of 749 couples applying for separation, of whom 656 returned to each other. In richer circles these might have had the door closed by divorce. People talk as if all unhappily married men and women must be divorced in order to marry again, and thus prevent illicit unions; separation, therefore, will not meet the case. Now, I would ask you, is the man or woman separated from, but tied to a lunatic, drunkard or diseased partner, in any worse case (from the physical side so often quoted) than those who are tied to hopeless invalids, or who have to live in different hemispheres? Are human beings to be counted no higher than animals, without self-control or self-respect?—and anyway two wrongs do not make one right.

So much that is written in this strain, on the physical side, seems to me to be a libel on every unmarried man or woman. Is our marriage vow nothing? Is an Englishman's word of honour in a most sacred particular, and in his most important contract, to be set aside when inconvenient to keep? If persons are to get a divorce for lunacy, drink, incompatibility, etc., is a man to have the right to divorce his wife because she has lost her beauty in a motor-accident, or a woman to divorce her husband because he has lost his fortune? Are heart disease, consumption, and various crippling diseases to become causes for divorce also? When one takes up a cause it is better to look at the end rather than at the beginning, and the slippery slope of easy divorce will lead to a morass of evil and sorrow. For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; till death us do part, is a finer, healthier and, in the long run, happier road for married couples to tread, with its give and take, and mutual help over the rough places in that road.

Again I am asked, 'Would not easier divorce be better for national well-being?' I will reply by quoting Pearson, the historian, who wrote, 'Every healthy society in its best time has endeavoured to treat marriage as indissoluble'; again he writes, 'The transformation of a union for life into a partnership during good conduct cannot fail to be fraught with eventful consequences'. 'What we have to look forward to is a state of things in which marriage will be contracted without reflection, and

broken without scruple'. As young people say now, 'If we get tired of each other, we can easily get divorce.' I believe the real force behind the desire for greater facilities by many kind people is the plea of hard cases. We all know of some which read our hearts, for which, however strong our convictions, we would like 'exceptions in the law.' Pitifully hard are these sometimes, but, as Lord Buckmaster well knows, 'hard cases make bad law'. Those who like myself are only magistrates, not learned judges, would often like to alter laws, broken under great provocation (it may be stealing), and will personally do all we can to help the law-breaker, yet we know that it is not in the interest of the nation to have that law altered because of certain hard cases. Marriage is not the only thing that is not all we expect sometimes, is it? and easier facilities will tend to a lower ideal of marriage and parenthood and more careless marriages with consequent misery. It is better to build up than to break up, and parents and religious and social teachers should help more in training young people and so prevent careless unions.

Our Debt to the Past—XII

Economic Ideas of the Middle Ages

By Professor EILEEN POWER

NOW we must turn from the political ideas of the Middle Ages to consider its economic ideas. How did the men of those days regard the whole complex of relations and activities—class, property, labour, buying and selling—which make up the economic life of society? To understand their point of view you must bear in mind two things which I tried to make clear to you last week. First, they looked upon themselves as 'one Commonwealth of all Christian men', and this applied not only to their politics but to their economics. Secondly, the Church, which was the most powerful expression of that underlying unity, had set itself to mould into one synthesis *all* the varied activities of human existence, not only the fighting instincts of the barons and the busy brains of the scholars, but also the acquisitive appetites of the men of business. All human action, according to its teaching, must be directed to a single end, the creation of a Christian society on earth and the salvation of its members in the world to come. Economic activities were simply one branch of human conduct, dominated by the same social purpose and subject to the same moral laws as the rest. In the Middle Ages, politics, economics and ethics were not three subjects but one subject, and that subject was theology.

Main Principles of Mediæval Economic Teaching

Thus social and economic activities were held to be directed towards a single moral end, the formation of a co-operative Christian society. But in order to secure this end it was necessary to formulate an ideal system of social relations and an ideal code of economic conduct. It was necessary also to apply this system and this code to the real world and to approve or condemn actual relations and actions according as they conformed to or conflicted with the ideal. The mediæval Church not only produced a great body of economic doctrine, but supplemented it by a great body of case law, in which that doctrine was applied to the specific economic problems of business men. I have already tried to explain that the system of social relations regarded as an ideal was one which we can best describe as a functional one. Society is divided into classes, each of which has its own function to fulfil, peculiar to itself but common to all. In the favourite mediæval metaphor, it is an organism, like the body. The workers are the feet that carry it, the barons are the arms that defend it, the king is the head that rules it, and the parts of the body give each other kindly help. Every class, moreover, has rights and properties which match its function and are inherent in its function. If the baron has landed property it is because he cannot defend Christendom properly without it. If the labourer has a right to protection it is because he works that others may be fed. There is no such thing as a right without a duty, or a property without a function attached to it. There is no such thing as competition, because without the co-operation of its members the body economic, like the body politic, must tear itself to pieces.

Such was the mediæval system of social relations. Its code of economic conduct appears equally strange to our own day. It embraced all branches of economic behaviour, but we can perhaps get the clearest idea of it if we consider its teaching as applied to trade. Trade was recognised as necessary to the life of society, but there was an uneasy conviction that it was more dangerous to the soul than other economic activities, because it offered peculiar temptations to forget the principle of service, and to amass wealth out of a mere lust for personal profit. Avarice was one of the seven deadly sins; and it lay ever in wait for business men. It is therefore not unnatural that the code of economic conduct devised by the Church concerned itself very

With a very wide experience of all types of people I am prepared to say, however, that the great majority of marriages are happy and that the higher the ideal of a lifelong union the greater is the chance of happiness both for parents and children. Home and marriage, love and children are still the great heart words of humanity, and must continue to be so unless civilisation is to sink.

None of us quite reaches the ideal standard, but arguing from the bad cases seems like starting upside down. One cannot always judge: there are many surprises, both good and bad, but an understanding God knows better than we do those who really try to overcome difficulties and temptations. In spite of many disappointments, can we think He would like to be left out of the greatest thing in our lives? In loving sorrow at the failures, does He not still wish to hold the light and set the standard, and grant the grace by which so many couples are enabled to live their lives very near to the highest ideal of Christian marriage?

particularly with this dangerous business of trade, so prone to sharpen acquisitive appetites, so refractory to moral control.

The way in which this code of conduct was worked out may be illustrated by the mediæval attitude to two important matters, the price which a man might ask for his goods and the exaction of interest for loans. The Middle Ages condemned the whole idea of competitive prices, which most people take for granted today. It held that for every article there existed a 'just price', which could be ascertained. How, you may ask, is this just price to be determined? The just price, the mediæval Church would answer, is the price which, allowing for the cost of raw materials and the labour which the craftsman has put into them, gives him sufficient remuneration to maintain himself suitably in the station of life to which his function in society has called him. If it does less than this it is too low. But if it does more, he is making an unchristian attempt to rise above his fellows, getting a property in excess of his function, or (if you like to translate the mediæval ethic into terms of Karl Marx) he is making an unearned increment. Then he is asking an unjust price, and by remunerating himself too highly he is robbing his customers. In accordance with this view mediæval opinion condemned all action for raising prices artificially, such as the formation of rings to corner the market. Town councils fixed the price of foodstuffs and punished forestallers who bought up corn on the way to market and retailed it at a higher price.

The Doctrine of Usury

Even more significant is the mediæval doctrine of usury. In the Middle Ages the word usury did not mean, as it does today, excessive interest on a loan. It meant any payment at all over and above the capital. Anyone who took interest for a loan was a usurer and usury was one of the worst forms of avarice, since it turned another's necessity into the opportunity for one's own gain. The usurer who died unrepentant was foredoomed to everlasting damnation. It is obvious that the whole conception belongs to a simple society, in which loans are not investments, but merely aids to help people over temporary difficulties. The village usurer and the town pawnbroker are the people of whom the Church is thinking. They must not be allowed to grind the faces of the poor. But, of course, as time went on more and more loans were made for productive purposes; they were what we should call investments for capital. In practice the Church had to apply its doctrine of usury to the big merchant and the international financier, both of whom were already important figures in the thirteenth century. The attempt of the Church to meet this problem is at once a gallant and a tragic spectacle. Year by year economic life grew more complicated and more modern, and year by year the Church dealt with each new problem as it arose, expanding its teaching to cope with the expanding capitalism of the period, but never for a moment abdicating its claim to control economic appetites, to say what was right and wrong in the office as well as in the home. It admitted certain modifications of its general rule and allowed interest to be paid in well defined cases, for instance, if there had been delay in the repayment of the principal or unusual risk of loss to the lender. These modifications gave considerable opportunities to mediæval financiers, and allowed credit dealings, trading partnerships, marine insurance and rent charges to develop without the condemnation of the Church. But it is significant that the Church never admitted that interest might be charged for a loan on which the lender ran no risk at all. He could have either security or interest, but not both.

It is important to understand that the Church's teaching in these matters was upheld by the lay authorities and indeed by public opinion in general. Usury was illegal by the law of all

medieval countries, not merely by ecclesiastical doctrine; and the State confiscated the usurer's goods when he died. The town council of Coventry classed usury with adultery, and decreed that no usurer could be a mayor or a town councillor. And even though merchants might escape through the meshes of this condemnation by a hundred quibbles, still the world of high finance was not wholly indifferent to the standard maintained thus boldly before its eyes. As late as the sixteenth century, the devout Spanish merchants in Antwerp presented the University of Paris (famous for its theologians) with a long list of intricate financial transactions, and demanded to be told whether or no they incurred the condemnation of the Church. It was sometimes extremely difficult for unfinancially-minded confessors who were consulted in these matters. We know of one who left Antwerp with a sigh of relief and never ceased to thank heaven that he had escaped from a business community in which cases of conscience were exclusively concerned with the foreign exchanges!

The Mediæval Doctrine in Practice

It is, of course, very easy to criticise the mediæval economic system in practice. The great defect of the functional view of society lies in the fact that it was (at least as worked out in the Middle Ages) little more than a rationalisation of the existing facts of feudal society, and took for granted a number of things which were incompatible both with Christianity and with social justice. It accepted, for instance, a rigid class system based on inequality, in which the mass of the working class was in a state of serfdom. The Church itself was a great landowner and therefore a great serf-owner. It swallowed serfdom whole and raised no voice against it, nor can anything be said to gloss over this fundamental fact. Again, the functional principle as understood in the Middle Ages was essentially a static one. The feet remained feet and the hands remained hands. But what if the feet urge that they are not receiving a property commensurate with their function, and that the hands are oppressing instead of protecting them? The real commentary on a functional society, which is in practice a class society, is to be found in the many peasant revolts of the Middle Ages, and is nowhere more eloquently expressed than in the speech made

by the wandering priest, John Ball, to the English peasants who rose in revolt in 1381, singing their famous doggerel rhyme,

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

'Ah, ye good people' [said John Ball] 'the matters goeth not well to pass in England, nor shall not do till everything be common and there be no serfs nor gentlemen, but that we may all be united together and that our lords be no greater masters than we be. What have we deserved or why should we be kept thus in servage? We be all come from one father and mother, Adam and Eve; whereby can they say or show that they be greater lords than we be, saving by that they cause us to win and labour for what they dispense? They are clothed in velvet and camlet furred with grey, and we be vested with poor cloth; they have their wines, spices and good bread and we have the rye, the bran and the straw and drink water; they dwell in fair houses and we have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields; and by that that cometh of our labours they keep and maintain their estates. We be called their bondmen and without we do them service we be beaten; and we have no sovereign to whom we may complain, nor that will hear us nor do us right'.

The man who reported that speech was a lover of chivalry, a hanger-on of princes, who had no sympathy with the peasants. But all the clang of armour and shrilling of trumpets in Froissart's Chronicle cannot drown the import of that ominous

and heartening note, for it is the sound of the English people on their way to freedom.

If the functional view of society broke down in practice, so also did the code of economic conduct. All the economic vices were rampant in the Middle Ages, and rampant in the very centre of the Church. The petty pawnbroker might be laid by the heels, but the great financier went blithely on his way and the Church was the first to profit by his transactions and to protect him. Practice was not only flying in the fact of theory, it was fast outrunning theory. The enormous advances of capitalism in industry, trade and finance in the later Middle Ages were straining the control of the Church at the very moment when the Church was itself growing weaker; and much of its later economic doctrine seems mere quibbling today. In the end the attempt to express in economic terms the ideal of a commonwealth of all Christian men went the same way as the attempt to express that ideal in political terms. The process was much slower in economics than in politics, and had not completed itself before the last years of the seventeenth century. But if you look at the Church of England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, you will see that it has given up all claim to submit economic conduct to the restrictions of a moral code. The old economic vices have got new clothes and appear as economic virtues. Avarice looks very well as economy. Self-help and social conduct are the same thing. Nothing at all is left of the mediæval ideal.

Yet again I ask the question I asked at the end of my last talk. Was the modern world wise when it abandoned so completely the economic ideals of the Middle Ages? No one of course will defend mediæval practice; the gulf between what men profess and what they do was as deep in the Middle Ages as in any other period of history; people do not cease to be human because they are mediæval. Nor will anyone think of asserting that the particular form in which the Middle Ages cast their ideals is applicable to our own needs. Their real contribution is not their specific theories about price and interest, but, as Mr. Tawney has pointed out, the idea on which those theories were based—'the principle that society is a spiritual organism, not an economic machine, and that economic activity requires to be controlled and repressed by reference to moral ends for which it supplies the material means'.

Institutions and theories are like clothes; they get old-fashioned and new ones are needed to meet a new day. But ideas are the fabric out of which institutions are made, and sometimes have a value which long outlives the shapes into which they are cut. Last week I suggested to you that the modern world was mistaken when it threw away the imperishable idea of the unity of mankind, together with the perishable mediæval expression, the Holy Roman Empire. Now I want to suggest that the modern world was also mistaken when it threw away the old idea of a society in which all economic action is controlled by a social purpose. When we abandoned the idea of political unity we got a cut-throat political society which tore itself to bits. When we threw away the idea of social purpose, we got a cut-throat economic society, which is even now tearing itself to bits likewise. As a professor of forethought, let me once more quote a professor of history. 'The condition of effective action in a complex civilisation is co-operation. The condition of co-operation is agreement both as to the ends to which effort should be applied and the criteria by which success is to be judged'. This was the mediæval idea; and though mediæval practice was almost as bad as our own, and mediæval expression no longer fits our society, the idea remains as good as ever it was; and on its recovery the future of our civilisation largely depends.



The busy life of a mediæval town, with its booths outside the walls, and the money-changer sitting in the gateway. From a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Royale, Brussels
From 'Universal History of the World' (Amalgamated Press)

The Listener's Music

An Early Appreciation Book

ACORRESPONDENT asks for some particulars of the Fétis book mentioned in my last article, so (as the subject may interest readers in general) I take it for my topic this week.

I have called it an 'early' appreciation book, but there can be little doubt that it was the first work of the kind. The title is generous in its scope: *Music Explained to the World: or, How to Understand Music and Enjoy its Performance*. The English version, published by Clarke and Co., 66 Old Bailey, appeared in 1844.

Music Explained has at least one merit that is not common to its modern successors: it makes no pretence that the understanding and appreciation of music is an easy job. Fétis is all for knowledge as the basis of enjoyment, whereas, according to some present-day 'appreciators', the listener need do little more than turn on the wireless or gramophone, fold his hands, and sit rapt in a stream of sound. 'Every art has its principles', says Fétis, 'which we must study in order to increase our enjoyment [my italics] while we are forming our taste'. The publishers of the English translation state in their foreword that they have brought the work out 'in consequence of observing, as they thought, its remarkable adaptation to the state of musical knowledge among us, and the probability that . . . [it] would attract numerous readers in and out of the profession'. The amateur who was later to become the 'ordinary listener' was in their minds; he was no doubt a comparatively rare bird at that time, however, for though the state of musical knowledge was probably better than we are apt to imagine, it was far from being widespread. Good concerts were confined to London and a few large provincial centres, and in the way of musical reading there was apparently only one journal, the *Musical World*—lively but very small in bulk. The period had at least one important link with the present in that the discovery of Bach was just beginning in England. The hour for a comprehensive musical book for the general reader had evidently arrived.

Comprehensive Fétis' book certainly is: it runs to exactly 300 pages ('runs' is the appropriate term, for even today its personal and enthusiastic style makes it vital), and it certainly begins at the beginning: 'Neither the book of Genesis nor the poets of antiquity mention the inventors of this art', he says, 'but only the names of those who made the first instruments, Tubal, Mercury, Apollo, and others'. He adds, naïvely, 'It will readily be supposed that I believe the book of Genesis on this point, as well as on others of more importance'.

Fétis was a true Continental (we may even say a true Frenchman) in his low estimate of the English from a musical point of view. Discussing violinists, he says that we have had 'no violinists worthy of being mentioned'. He grants us a couple of distinguished 'cellists, Crossdill and Lindley, but adds of the latter that 'unhappily, his playing is absolutely destitute of style, and his manner is vulgar'. Again, speaking of the trumpet, he says: 'The French artists who play upon this instrument have not the skill of the Germans, nor even of the English'. There is much in that 'even'! And in discussing the position of the players in an orchestra, he says that 'the arrangement of the orchestra of the Philharmonic Concert in London seems to be made on purpose to prevent the performers from seeing and hearing one another . . .'. If his description is correct, his criticism is well founded, for he goes on:

The basses are in front, the first violins behind them, the seconds above them in a kind of gallery, the flute and oboes about the centre, the bassoons in a gallery corresponding to that in which the second violins and altos [violas], the horns on one side and the trumpets on the other; in fact there is no unity, no plan. The leader of the orchestra placed in front and facing the audience cannot possibly see the musicians whom he directs. In the matter of music, the English too often do precisely the reverse of what ought to be done.

It may seem incredible to readers that the conductor should ever have faced the audience and not the performers; but I remember seeing in my youth a conductor of an orchestra at a South of England seaside resort face the audience in this way. It would be interesting to know the origin of this custom. Was it due to the conductor's polite reluctance to turn his back to the audience?

Not long ago, a distinguished English musician spoke of the intense pleasure he derived from the perfect playing of the scale of C by Casals. An even more minute example of excellence sufficed to call forth the enthusiasm of Fétis. He says:

There is no need of great or prolonged exertions to excite emotions of divers kinds: a single phrase of *cantabile* or the theme of a *rondeau*, is enough. What do I say? The simplest note, even an *appoggiatura*, properly placed, a tone, sometimes calls forth bursts of admiration from a whole audience. At the risk of being accused of exaggeration, I will even say that we have an instinct that announces the great artist by the manner in which his bow strikes the string, or his finger the key. I know not what emanation it is which then diffuses itself through the atmosphere, proclaiming the presence of talent; but we are rarely

deceived. I persuade myself that I shall be understood by some of my readers.

Here is a sound piece of observation on the way in which performer and audience can react on one another:

There is a reciprocal action of the audience upon the artists, and of the artists upon the audience, which creates the charm or the torment of both. How often does it happen that a virtuoso, by a happy and unexpected tone, attracts a sudden burst of applause from his audience, feels himself, as it were, transported into a new sphere, by the effect which he produces, and discovers in himself new resources, which he had not before suspected!

It is a commonplace that one of the reasons why so many listeners fail to appreciate old music is their inability to approach it in the right frame of mind. On this subject Fétis says:

In order to enjoy the beauties which have passed out of fashion, and to feel their merit, let us place ourselves in the position in which the author was, when he wrote his work; let us recall his predecessors; let us represent to ourselves the mind of his contemporaries, and forget for an instant our habitual ideas. For example, if we wish to judge of the merit of Haydn, and of what he has done for the progress of music, let us first play a symphony of Van Malder of Stamitz, or a quartet of Davaux or Cambini, and we shall see in him a genius of the first order, creating, as it were, all the resources of which composers make use at the present day.

Fétis has a word that might be taken to heart by listeners who write to the *Radio Times* and the Press generally, decrying composers who do not immediately appeal to them:

Enlightened artists have one indisputable advantage over people in general—that of pleasing themselves by hearing the music of men of genius of all epochs and of all systems, while others admit only that which is in fashion, and do not comprehend any other. The first seek in the ancient music no other qualities than those which belong to its essence; but the others, not finding in it their accustomed sensations, imagine that it cannot give them sensations of any kind. Men are to be pitied, who thus put narrow limits to their enjoyments, and who do not even attempt to enlarge their domain.

Some even appear proud of their limitations.

He has much to say concerning the danger of preconceived notions based on the repute or otherwise of the composer, or on the merits of a performance. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that an ideal means of developing our taste and powers of analysis would be the first performance of a new work 'of such an originality that all the musical habits of the audience are disturbed', and with the composer's name kept secret. So severe a test would yield some unexpected results!

Concerning the importance of the performer, he says:

What music is there, however good, which has not lost its charm in consequence of a bad execution? What insipidity has not fascinated the senses, when interpreted by great artists?

And, by way of illustration, he goes on:

We have seen a striking example of it in our own time, in relation to the famous *Hallelujah Chorus* of Handel. This fine piece, after having been studied with a religious attention in the Royal Institution of Classical Music, directed by Choron, was performed there, with a conviction which drew after it that of the public, and which produced the most lively enthusiasm in the audience. Some time after, the same piece was given by the Concert Society at the Royal School of Music. One might have expected everything from the choirs and admirable orchestra of those concerts; but the majority of the artists who composed them, being exclusive admirers of Beethoven, and of the modern school, performed this masterpiece of Handel under the influence of unfavourable prepossessions, sneeringly and carelessly. The work produced no effect, and it was settled that this sublime music was as much out of date as the full-bottomed wig of its author!

In his last chapter Fétis deals with the imaginary reader who objects to his comprehensive instruction, and who says that he wishes to enjoy and not to judge. Fétis replies:

This is all very well. Heaven knows that I have no wish to disturb your pleasures; but you will have hardly got the words out of your mouth before you will exclaim, if you go to a concert, *What delightful music!* or, perhaps, *What a detestable composition!* This is the way that people pretend to enjoy, and not to judge. The pride of the ignorant is not less real than that of the learned; but it conceals itself under the cloak of idleness.

This is as true a bill today as it was a century ago.

HARVEY GRACE

A Calendar of Music, containing a quotation for every day of 1933, has a definite interest, and one which has been compiled by Mrs. Kate Creighton has drawn upon such varied sources that on a single page we find extracts from Carlyle, Tennyson, Dryden, Compton Mackenzie and the Book of Job. The Calendar, price 2s. 6d. (2s. 8d. post free), may be obtained from Miss Creighton at Greystones, Swinton, near Rotherham, and purchasers have the satisfaction of knowing that their money is helping the funds of the local branch (Women's Section) of the St. John Ambulance Association.

The Doctor and the Public—XI

Surgery Today

By A SURGEON

JOHN LISTER, whose discovery of his antiseptic system changed the face of the surgical world, was a Yorkshireman by birth and a Londoner by education, but his life's work began from the moment when he was appointed Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow at the early age of 33. This was in 1860. At that time any wound, whether made by a surgeon or by an accident, always became inflamed. This inflammation either turned into an abscess with pus, or else developed into gangrene. And of these two the latter was the more dangerous, because the gangrene gradually invaded all the patient's tissues and killed him; whereas an abscess sometimes cleared up and the patient got well after a long illness. We now know that in this case it was the patient's resistance to the infection that saved him; but surgeons did not know that then; they knew so little that they were pleased when they saw an abscess, which they called 'laudable pus'.

What was the good of doing wonderful operations if their success was to be rendered useless by this terrible inflammation? To Lister it was a perpetual nightmare. Day in and day out he set himself to attack the problem. He realised that the first thing he must do was to find the cause. The common idea was that it was due to oxygen or to some poisonous gas in the air, but Lister did not agree, because he noticed that when a broken rib went inwards into the lung there was no inflammation—it only occurred if the rib broke the skin. Therefore it must be due in some unexplained way to actual contact with the outside.

How Operations Were Made Safe

This was as far as he had got in 1865, when, by one of those divine accidents which have changed the course of history, he came across a paper by Pasteur, a French chemist. Pasteur had been asked by the wine-growers of France to investigate the cause of fermentation. And in this paper he had proved that it was not the gases of the atmosphere that caused fermentation, but the presence of living microscopic creatures called germs—and then Lister saw a ray of light. If this was true of fermentation, why not of suppuration? And if it was true, the problem reduced itself to this: to find a chemical subject which would not only kill the germs in the wound, but, what was even more important, prevent them from getting in. He lit upon carbolic acid, because he heard that it was being successfully used to disinfect the sewage system of Carlisle.

The first case he treated was a compound fracture of the leg in a boy of eleven. He splinted the limb and treated the wounds with lint soaked in carbolic acid. Imagine his feelings as day followed day and he saw the wounds heal without any sign of suppuration, until the boy got perfectly well. In his first paper, published in 1867, describing eleven such cases, he says: 'I had the joy of seeing these formidable injuries follow the same safe and tranquil course as simple fractures'. He then began to apply his system more widely to all operations. The skin of the patient, the instruments, and the surgeon's hands were soaked in carbolic (of the strength of one in twenty because he had found the crude acid too irritating). And again he had the satisfaction of seeing ordinary operation wounds heal without any evidence of inflammation. Amazing as it may seem to us now, the medical profession turned a deaf ear to him at first. There was the truth staring them in the face, and they would not or could not see it—and the next twenty years of Lister's life were spent in an unremitting battle with ignorance and prejudice and superstition until at last, by the grace of God, he won through.

This was the real beginning of modern surgery. It was from this that we have evolved our present elaborate technique. We have advanced from the antiseptic to the aseptic system—that is to say, we have given up carbolic acid because we found (as Lister did) that it irritated the patient's tissues. Now we boil everything that can come in contact with the patient, or we bake it in a superheated oven. The instruments are boiled, and everyone in the operating theatre wears a gown and a mask and indiarubber gloves which have been sterilised (that is, superheated so that they are free from germs); the towels which surround the operation area are also sterilised. The only thing which we cannot boil is the patient's skin, and that we paint with iodine. But although we are more elaborate, Lister's underlying principle remains as true today as when he first enunciated it.

I must now take you back a few years to a prophecy which has been proved as false as the one I quoted last week. In 1875 Sir John Erichsen, a great London surgeon, said 'Operative surgery has now reached finality. There are regions of the human body which the knife can never penetrate—the brain, the chest, and the abdomen'. But he was reckoning without Lister. Antisepsis and later asepsis have made it possible to operate on all these

parts. I have heard it said that the pioneers in these new fields were carried away by their new-found ardour—that they concentrated on what *could* be done rather than what *should*. If it is true, the enthusiasm was, I think, pardonable. But for the last thirty or forty years we have been accumulating experience and gaining wisdom, so that it is now a very rare thing for an operation to be performed that is not justified by the circumstances of the case.

An Aid to Diagnosis

In 1895 there came another great thing to help us. This was the discovery of *X*-rays by Röntgen. You can probably remember the early pictures of the bones of the hand which were published in the daily papers to illustrate this new marvel of science. Of course we saw at once that it would help us in the diagnosis and treatment of fractures or in cases where children had swallowed such things as coins. It still does that. Only a few days ago a child who was said to have swallowed the contents of its mother's purse was brought to the hospital. It was sent to the *X*-ray department and the report came back '1s. 2½d. distributed as follows...' It was not, however, till some years later that the further possibilities of the use of *X*-rays began to dawn on us. If we could give the patient a harmless substance which would make a dark shadow, the outline of the intestines would show up. In barium we found the ideal thing, and now in all doubtful abdominal cases we take such a picture, and in nine cases out of ten a positive diagnosis can be made.

I think the simplest way to show the importance of all these discoveries is to trace their effect in the case of a single disease—appendicitis. But first I must tell you exactly what the appendix is. The other day a patient in the hospital told me he thought it was the remains of the tail which we had when we were monkeys. I need hardly tell you that it is not that. It is really a portion of the bowel. It is a tube, on the average about three inches long and as thick as an ordinary slate pencil, opening into the bowel at one end and blind at the other. It is a retrograde organ—by that we mean an organ which is gradually getting smaller, and is on the way to disappear altogether because it no longer serves a useful purpose. Its original function was to help in the digestion of uncooked green foods, and it was as wide as the rest of the intestine. In the whale, which lives on floating masses of seaweed, it is still a large and important part of the intestine. But since we have adopted a mixed diet in the last few thousand years, the appendix has thrown in its hand, so to speak, and has gradually shrivelled down to such a point that it is now a danger, because its interior is so small that although digested food can get into it, it cannot get out again so easily, and any hollow organ which gets blocked up is likely to become inflamed.

Now people say: 'If I get an attack of appendicitis today, I go to a surgeon and he removes my appendix for me and all is well; but what used to happen a hundred years ago?' And I say: 'You died, and your death was put down to inflammation of the bowels, and that was the end of it'. But as soon as we found out that we could open the abdomen with safety it was obvious that the removal of this useless organ, when it was inflamed, was a reasonable thing to do. At first there was a considerable death-rate—in the 'nineties it was as high as 15 to 20 per cent., but now with earlier diagnosis, earlier operation and improvement in our methods it has fallen to such a point that (except in the very acutest cases) the risk is practically nil.

But we have gone further than merely removing the acutely inflamed appendix. The examination of patients with *X*-rays and barium disclosed to us that the appendix might be chronically inflamed, without causing an acute attack, and that this condition gave rise to reflex symptoms, that is, symptoms transferred to other organs, particularly the stomach. This is what we call the grumbling appendix, and the chain of symptoms which it causes is known as appendix dyspepsia. The evidence of this is that we see the column of barium in the appendix broken up into little bits because the chronically inflamed appendix goes into a state of spasm in its attempts to expel it. One of the most characteristic things about appendix dyspepsia is that it comes and goes. The patient complains of abdominal discomfort which lasts for days or weeks and then goes away completely. In the intervals he feels perfectly well. But it comes back again, and gradually the attacks get longer and the intervals of relief shorter.

I have given, of course, only the merest outline. Do not think that from it you can diagnose your own condition. You cannot—only your doctor can do that for you.

Out of Doors

The Rock Garden

By Captain GEOFFREY CRAWSHAY

I DON'T suppose there is any form of gardening which has gained in popularity so rapidly during the last few years as the cultivation of the rock garden, and there is no form of gardening which shows a greater all-round advance. Some thirty or forty years ago rock gardens were divided into two classes: those which were planned on a gigantic scale and were the prerogative of the very rich, and those which resembled nothing so much as a cemetery devastated by an earthquake. It wasn't until a few bright people decided that a rock garden was a place in which to grow alpines and dwarf plants rather than stones that the majority of gardeners realised their possibilities and attractions. Today there is no more popular form of gardening, and time has proved that the rock garden, of all forms of gardening, is the one most suited to the gardener with a small purse, and the one, moreover, in which skill rather than riches governs success. The reason I think is obvious; there is something very personal about a rock garden, and the plants respond to individual care and study.

I don't think it is sufficiently realised even yet that it is possible to have a really interesting rock garden with a wealth of bloom, in a very small space. The smallest back garden may provide all the space required, and there is certainly no comparison between the interest and attraction of a rock garden with its infinite variety of colour and plants and two or three beds of annuals or geraniums. The Japanese are extraordinarily clever in designing small-scale rock gardens. I have seen the most enchanting lay-outs complete with waterfall, streams and stepping stones, all in an incredibly small space. But apart from the lay-out, I thought

they rather lacked colour and interest as compared with the average English rock garden. It is on the lay-out of a rock garden, however, that many people trip up. In the first place, don't forget that it is better to have too few rocks than too many, and that your stones should be used sparingly and inconspicuously; of course, a large weatherbeaten boulder can be a feature in itself, but at all costs avoid an effect which looks like a sponge pudding with almonds sticking out all over it. The vast majority of the stones should be buried so that they are scarcely seen; their main purpose is to provide a cool root run for your plants. And remember to place all stones at a downward slant, so that they will carry moisture to the roots of the plants, and see that you set the stones firmly so that they won't move and interfere with plants taking root. When you are designing a rock garden, it is worth while taking the time and trouble to try and visualise the lay-out before getting to work. This is even more necessary with a small space than a large one. Try and reproduce on a small scale nature at her loveliest. That is where the Japanese are so clever with their pocket landscape gardens. You may make mistakes—all good gardeners do—but at least you will have created something which is your own. You may be helped very materially by the natural features of your garden, and be able to utilise to advantage a slope or the surroundings of a small pool or stream, or an outcrop of rocks.

In making a rock garden there are three all-important factors which are essential to success, and to which you cannot pay too much attention unless all your labour and money are to be wasted. First of all, avoid a site overhung by trees, the drip from which is death to rock plants. A rock garden must have air in abundance and be exposed to the sun for some part of the day, though a few hours is sufficient—in fact, shade is an advantage with many plants. Secondly, good drainage is of vital importance, nearly all rock plants and alpines demand it, and they don't live to ask for it twice; they'll stand any amount of cold, but not sodden ground. The necessary drainage isn't difficult, and extra

trouble will repay you a hundredfold with results. Dig out the soil about three feet deep, and replace the bottom spit with nine inches of stones, old bricks and rubble, and you will have the foundation of a drainage system which will last for generations. Thirdly, the question of the soil, which may call for additional drainage if it is on the heavy side: of course, the best soil of all is a good loam, which can be lightened and improved by the addition of leaf mould and sand. If your soil is heavy clay, you will have no option save to replace it with lighter soil from another part of the garden, or to import soil from elsewhere. The vast majority of alpines like lime, and you will help their growth, as well as improve the drainage, if you mix some broken mortar rubble with the soil. It pays also to mix some garden gravel chips with it, as they will both ensure good drainage and retention of the necessary moisture. But a knowledge of the requirements of each individual plant comes with experience, and you will soon learn the rarer and more difficult ones, which can only be grown with success in peat or which require special attention. Provided the beginner realises the importance of position and drainage, he will obtain a magnificent display of bloom, as the majority of alpines give little trouble. When one comes to think of the natural conditions under which many alpines grow, one is amazed that they become acclimatised so readily or can be coaxed into growing at all. In their real home at a height of anything from 10,000 to 15,000 feet, they enjoy perfect drainage and flower in a moisture-laden atmosphere, warmed, but not scorched, by the sun's rays. From September to April they lie secure and snug beneath a heavy



An English Rock Garden

blanket of snow. Nothing could be more different than the conditions they have to endure in our climate. The higher the altitude of a plant's natural home the more difficult it becomes to establish with us, because not only does it dislike the heat of the sun in summer, but in winter it misses its covering of snow and the damp rots away the roots. The first difficulty can be quite easily overcome, and for the second the remedy is to place a pane of glass over the plant during the winter to ward off the wet.

Don't think that you will have these difficulties to contend with unless you wish: there are hundreds of alpines which never require panes of glass to protect them in the winter, and which will give you a gorgeous show, but it won't be long before sheer curiosity and interest will induce you to try and grow something which demands special treatment. Until quite recently, rock garden lovers experienced difficulty in reproducing the conditions essential to some of the high altitude alpines—that is, a soil which never becomes waterlogged in the winter, and which retains a sufficiency of moisture in the summer. Then someone invented what is known as the marraine, which is ideal for growing some of the rarer and more tender alpines. You start as with the foundation of your rock garden. Remove three feet of soil, and replace the bottom spit with rough stones and rubble, and the rest of the soil with a special mixture of leaf mould and sand and gravel chips, in equal parts. After the first rains have washed the top soil into the ground, it will appear as though your marraine consists of nothing but chips, but you will find that you have secured perfect drainage, and that there is ample nourishment for the plants, which will never suffer from wet or drought. You can make your marraine represent the gravel bed of a dried-up stream or a pebbly slope between rocks or what you wish. You are not limited to size, a marraine can be on a large scale or in miniature, and it need not necessarily be a part of the rock garden; you can have one in any open spot in the garden.

Early September or spring is the best time to plant a rock

garden. A great number of alpines can be raised easily and cheaply from seed, and for anyone starting a rock garden this is the best method of getting up a stock of what one might call foundation plants, such as aubrietas, and many of the saxifraga, campanula, dianthus and the primula family. Others can be increased without difficulty from cuttings in July and August or throughout the summer, failing which, they must be propagated by division of the roots in August or September. Here are the names of just a few hardy and easily-grown rock plants which I don't think anyone with a rock garden can afford to be without. First of all, a family which provides the greatest variety of colour and profusion of bloom of any plant I know—the sun roses, helianthemums. The range of colours is immense—red, bronze, yellow, pink, white. In June and July you cannot see a leaf for the flowers, and in winter they provide a much-needed green patch. When they have finished flowering, cut the spent flowers and the undersides of them back with a pair of shears. They are easy to increase from cuttings in the autumn. But remember, there is a significance in their popular name, sun roses. They like all the sun you can give them, and dislike any form of shade. Perhaps the most valuable of any group of plants for the rock garden are the campanulas, not only because they are lovely in themselves, but because they are at their best from the end of June onwards, when one needs bloom most in a rock garden. There must be some thirty varieties of rock garden campanulas, and the majority are worth a place and are easily

grown. They nearly all like an open position. The majority are of dwarf habit, but one or two grow to a foot, such as *C. linifolia* and its varieties, which are a species of our dainty wild harebell. One of the best known and easiest to grow of the dwarf trailing evergreen variety is *C. muralis*. It loves lime and mortar rubble and makes a marvellous effect when grown on an old wall. Another attractive group is *C. pusilla*, with its masses of tiny blue bell-shaped flowers. There is also a white variety, *alba*, and a pale blue variety named *Miss Wilmott*.

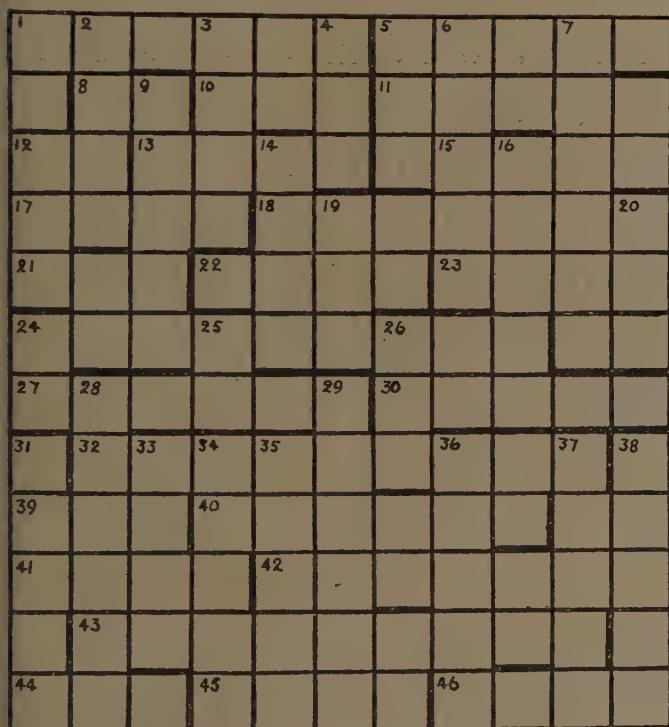
Here is an idea which you may care to experiment with. There is probably some spot in your rock garden where you can picture to yourself a miniature stream of water hurling itself from the rocks above into a pool below and continuing on its way. Try and reproduce such an effect with the three shades of *C. pusilla* in place of water, the deep blue variety at the foot of the fall where the water would be deepest, the white variety to represent the foam, and so on. One other rock plant which you must have is *lithospermum*, variety *Heavenly Blue*; unlike the majority of alpines, it hates lime and demands peat or leaf mould, but it is well worth the extra trouble: it is practically a perpetual flowerer. You can generally find a few flowers on the dullest day of winter. Its trailing dark green foliage and glorious gentian-blue flowers are a real joy. No matter how small your rock garden or how commonplace its surroundings, a large well-established plant of it will always gain the admiration of all rock gardeners.

This Week's Crossword

No. 145—'Greeting'

By DOGGEREL

Prize: B.B.C. Year-Book, 1933. Closing date: First post on Wednesday, December 28.



NAME

ADDRESS

ALTERNATIVE PRIZE

CLUES—ACROSS

- Glad Christmas comes and every . . .
Makes room to give him welcome now.
- My pet is not likely to be at Christmas, but might be.
- A duck of a toy.
- See 5 Down.
- Should be packed before Christmas.
- See 30.
- Saves card-sender from missing out a friend.
- Once victimised on Boxing Day.
- Jack preferred.
- The puzzle is (two words).
- Found in 27.
- Bone of contention.
- And giving a nod up the chimney he . . .
Many will understand this clue.

27. We hope your Christmas will be.
With 12 rev. is 24.

30. Policeman's present for the burglar.

32. Rich gift whichever way you look at it.

39. What a frosty Christmas makes the skin.

40. May be used to get advantage from 24.

41. Not often lured under the mistletoe.

42. Its charms are apparent.

43. 'But . . . it whistle as it will—
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.'

44. 'His . . . enwreathed with holly never scre,'
Old Christmas comes to close the wained year.

46 rev. Such wine might inspire such stories.

DOWN

- Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with . . .
- rev. Take it at Christmas and be comfortable.
- My Christmas only this gifts.
- Happy thought.
- with to rev. If you wish to live and thrive, you must let this run alive.
This pie suggests slimming to a demoiselle.
- Sometimes inspired by fireside stories.
- Lucas supplies this part of nursery hero.
Feed.
- Frame begun by 2 rev.
- Christmas is an old one.
- Wine and wit when this excel.
- Is not divided with 26.
- Old cover.
- 'How many things by . . . ed are (move one letter).
- Strain not always confined to this.
- 'I scarce have leisure to salute you, my matter is so . . .
- (anag.) Is company.
- Only one left at end of an indoor game.
- With last two letters of 1 Across, Moral of a Christmas tale.
- Sometimes accompanies dance.
- See 8 Across.

(Our greeting appears in the completed diagram)

Report on Crossword No. 143

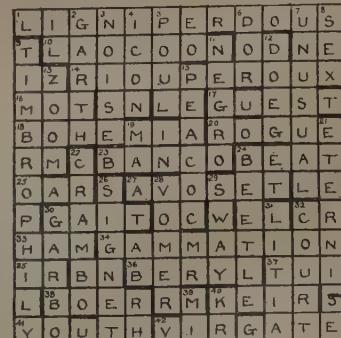
This 'Straightforward' puzzle was so called because solvers were not compelled to reverse any of the words in the diagram. It was thought that Flecker's poem 'Riouperoux' was more widely known. Every letter of the word was checked, but, in spite of this, clue 14 was the undoing of all but two competitors. In accordance with the conditions of the crossword competitions, GAVOTTE is accepted for 42 as it is a measure and not reversed. It has been ingeniously fitted by reading MILITIA as 31 and 39 instead of 39 and 31. Then LUI, though not so good as TUI, complies with the clue of 37. The prizewinners are C. M. Jenkin-Jones (Bootham) and E. P. Whitcombe (Bewdley).

NOTES—ACROSS

- Wood-wasp.
- Thomson: Liberty.
- Flecker.
- Burke: Sublime and Beautiful.
- Voltaire.
- Saltimbanco.
- Has lost his last pound.
- F. G. Trafford: George Geith.
- A parson-bird.
- Long robe.
- A. B. Paterson: Snowy River, etc.

DOWN

- Poulter's measure.
- Tennyson: Princess.
- So called in Chambers' Dictionary.
- Dryden: Absalom.
- Proverb.
- Wordsworth: Castle of Indolence.
- Scott: Lady of Lake.
- Mover.
- Timon of Athens, III. 6.



Points from Letters

Liberty in the Soviet Republic

Your correspondent, Miss Evelyn Smith, takes me to task for stating, in the recent debate on broadcasting, that 'Russian education and Russian everything else is the most unqualified negation of liberty anywhere in the world'. She finds it 'difficult to believe that anyone who had made a serious study of Russia today with an open mind' could make such a misleading statement.

I think Miss Smith has missed the point I was trying to prove. As a matter of fact I have made a serious study of Russia, have visited that country since the revolution, and have talked personally with Lenin and the other leaders of the Communist Party. Moreover, I attach the greatest importance to the experiment in life and government which the Russians are making. But because Miss Smith and I both say that opportunities are now to be found in Russia for women to achieve an equal status with men, or for children to be educated, or for a planned industrial system to replace the disorder of competitive capitalism, that does not mean that there is freedom of thought in Russia, and it was that subject that I was dealing with in my broadcast. Whatever Miss Smith may feel about it, the Russian Communist himself has never hesitated for a moment in condemning freedom of thought and describing it in his literature as mere 'bourgeois ideology'. Education in Russia is directed to an authoritarian end, opposition in religious or political thought is not tolerated, and this denial of liberty is not only a fact, but is stated by Communist thinkers to be essential for the achievement of their revolutionary object. For all I know, such a denial of liberty may be a necessity for a country which has been compelled by circumstances to follow a procedure of revolutionary violence, and it may even be possible in years to come that great good will result, but however that may be, the fact remains that there is no liberty of thought in Russia today, and my statement cannot be challenged.

I happen to believe that this denial of liberty is not necessary in countries, like our own, where it is possible to avoid a revolutionary procedure and yet to achieve a revolutionary result. I maintain that in our own country freedom of discussion can now be made the instrument through which progressive people can achieve swift and drastic changes for good, but they will only be successful if they trust the new democracy and rely upon the merits of their proposals instead of the violence of their advocacy.

House of Lords, S.W. 1

ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

Wheat or Rye?

Undoubtedly a broadening of the public demand for home-grown cereals would be very beneficial to this country both on economic and political grounds, but, if the public are to be persuaded to consume other flours than wheaten, such flours must recommend themselves by reason of equal or greater palatability. The two following examples incline one to think that attractive flavour is most likely to be ensured by the use of mixed cereal flours. In the 'thirties and 'forties of last century the flour used for home baking in the farmhouses and cottages of north Nottinghamshire consisted of a mixture of equal parts of wheat, barley and rye, grown in the district and ground at the local mills. During the Great War the bakers of Bristol and district were supplied with a flour consisting of 60 per cent. Manitoba hard wheat, 30 per cent. barley and 10 per cent. maize. Both of these mixtures produced a delicious loaf, far surpassing in flavour any bread that can be bought now in the ordinary way. There would appear to be scope here for an interesting investigation. Perhaps one of our larger schools of cookery would tackle the problem in co-operation with the millers.

Southampton

J. E. HENNESEY

Farmers' Difficulties

In THE LISTENER of December 7, your correspondent 'East Anglian' comments on my talk published in the issue of November 23.

I do not consider him very logical, and he seems to have missed the points of my talk. He takes exception to a statement of mine: 'What does it matter if the foreigner gives us the grain? It will help us to produce cheap eggs and bacon, and there is no reason why we should not produce all the poultry, eggs and bacon we require'. 'East Anglian' says there is reason, and that is labour costs and profits. My methods have reduced labour costs to a minimum, and, if we get cheap grain, we can make a profit even in these difficult times. 'East Anglian' asks how this consorts with the problem of getting more men on the land. In 1930 we imported about 23 million pounds' worth of poultry and eggs. If, by my suggestions of organised labour and cheap grain, the poultry-farmer can make a profit, it will not be long before we shall be producing that 23 millions' worth ourselves,

which would involve a considerable increase in agricultural employment.

'East Anglian' says that if it is true that in America one man can manage 1,200 acres of wheat, with one extra at harvest, how is the English farmer to compete with that? Exactly. That was my point; therefore why bother about growing wheat? Let us produce something in which we can compete, and something whereby we can double and treble the production value, *viz.*, perishable products. If the farmer will plan and organise the production and marketing of his meat, milk, bacon and eggs, I feel sure the Government will in future see that he gets a fair share of the British markets.

In my opinion, the import duty on foreign feeding stuffs and wheat did very definite harm to the livestock farmers, but events are moving swiftly, and since my B.B.C. talk the Government has taken steps to counteract the harm done.

I still maintain that well-planned smallholdings will be more beneficial and economical than paying the dole. Make the pig and poultry industry profitable, and there will be no lack of smallholders. I visualise the time when agriculture will be so planned that all agricultural land around the towns and villages will be teeming with smallholdings, growing fruit and vegetables and keeping pigs and poultry to supply a market near home. The land in the more remote districts should be worked in big holdings somewhat on my lines. When the agricultural population gradually becomes agriculturally minded, the smallholders will spread, and in that day will my dream be realised, *viz.*, bringing the millions of acres and the millions of workers together, and saving the millions of money being sent abroad for foodstuffs.

Wexcombe

A. J. HOSIER

Art and Ethics of the Bull-Fight

I am amazed that a man of Mr. Pritchett's culture can praise any books glorifying this barbarity. During my several years in Spain I attended a few bull-fights as, prior to my first visit, any disapproval I expressed was met by the taunt that I knew nothing at all about the matter. Without claiming even now to know all the finer technicalities, I have seen quite enough to fill me with disgust at *aficionados* who can enjoy the sight of poor helpless horses being gored to death. Sometimes these animals are disembowelled, taken away, 'doctored' up and led into the ring a second or third time!

Fortunately, the bull-fight is declining. Already it has passed away in the more advanced South American countries, while in Spain itself cultured opinion is almost solidly against what is considered a national disgrace. Far bigger crowds now go to the football match or to other real sports than to the 'corridor'.

I must also disagree with Mr. Pritchett's statement that the English attitude to animals is exceptional. Many nations are at least as humane, and some of the most advanced, the Scandinavians for example, forbid the blood 'sports' that take place in our own country.

For any who would know the bull-fight as it really is, I would rather recommend *Blood and Sand*, by Blasco Ibáñez, than those glorifying accounts mentioned in Mr. Pritchett's review. Apart from the exposure of its gruesome subject, the book is so readable as a novel that it has now been translated into nearly all European and some Eastern languages.

Leeds

WALTER G. SCHOLES

The Attack on Einstein

In his book, *The Case Against Einstein*, Dr. Lynch appears to attack both the general and the special theories of relativity. Realising that there may be a case against the former, it is on the subject of the latter theory that I should like to say a few words.

Dr. Lynch takes exception to the interpretation of the Michelson-Morley experiment as accepted by Einsteinists, that is, the referring of physical phenomena to a four-dimensional space-time framework. A consideration, however, of the laws of electrodynamics in the light of this interpretation, should surely provide additional evidence in favour of the special relativity theory. The derivation of the known Maxwell-Lorentz equations of three-dimensional electrodynamics, together with potential equations, from equations of four-dimensional electrostatics (these latter being analogous to equations of three-dimensional electrostatics), seems to me quite consistent and intellectually satisfying. The application of the special theory to the laws of electrodynamics is thus surely a long step towards explaining the otherwise mysterious phenomena of the production of a magnetic field from an electric current and the induction of an electromotive force by a varying magnetic field. If this is true, it is not too much to say that electric trains, vacuum-cleaners, wireless sets, and the many other electrical contrivances in daily use, are all witnesses on the side of the special relativity theory, at any rate until some more satisfactory explanation is forthcoming of the principles

on which they operate. As the special theory of relativity can thus concern itself with processes made use of in everyday life, it cannot be up in the clouds to the extent that some of its opponents seem to imagine.

Forest Hill, S.E. 23

R. J. WOODIN

The Power of the Unconscious

I have followed with great interest the talks on 'How the Mind Works', and have been particularly impressed with the one dealing with the 'unconscious' or, as I have generally heard it described, the 'subconscious' mind.

It seems to me that this new aspect of the human character is likely to become one of vital importance in the future: it will be used, instead of the traditional caging, for tackling the criminal mind; it will revolutionise the relation between teacher and pupil; it will be used for a deliberate, or to use a fashionable word, 'planned' moulding of human outlook: for, to repeat a trite expression, what matters in this world is not the facts but what men think of the facts. I believe that thoughts which pass into the mind without being deliberately inculcated are much deeper than ideas which are assimilated consciously; patriotism, ideas about rich and poor, and the network of ideas that we vaguely call tradition, are in our very bones. It is thus of supreme importance that we should examine very carefully all factors that help to compose the mass of 'unconscious' ideas held by the average adult.

This scrutiny can be efficiently conducted in schools. What can be the effect on the secondary schoolboy of England of seeing his masters, mostly regarded as omniscient, fomenting soldiery in the form of the O.T.C. or cadet corps? Too often there is no attempt to point out that armed force is now only justified if used in support of the decisions of the League of Nations, so that when the adolescent is officially urged to fix bayonets, or charge the opposing 'White Army', he is unconsciously assimilating the idea that he is learning to fight for his country in the way of the history book, that 'man is a fighting animal', that if you want peace you must prepare for war, that war is as normal as going to school, and all the whole gamut of 'subconscious' but deadly dangerous ideas that hold up world peace.

Do the experts on psychology think that they can help in the wholesale eradication of such thoughts?

Dewsbury

J. D. FRANKLIN

There are writers who regard the personality and the vagaries of character as malleable, and who hold that, by dint of training, one's natural tendencies may be controlled and permanently modified, and thereby a more or less harmonious life may be led. I hope that an authority on this aspect of human nature will come forward and replace the gloomy and pessimistic view of the writer in the concluding paragraphs of the tenth article of this series, where he leaves us with the depressing conclusion that we are little better than helpless victims of unknown inner forces and conflicts.

Cannot some more cheerful and constructive writer show us the other side, which must exist to some extent in every normal life; and encourage us to realise, on the contrary, that the struggle for life is worth while? I am fortunate enough not to be a victim of drink or a drug addict. But were I one or the other I fear the perusal of the article would merely succeed in forcing me to have recourse to my particular bottle.

Bexhill

B. G.

Scottish Nationalism

Mr. MacCormick, as an advocate of Scottish Nationalism, urges the unfurling of ancestral banners, the reawakening of tribal instincts, and withdrawal from communal effort with the English to private worship at the shrine of the heather and the kilt. It seems that 'after two hundred years of governmental union with England' Scotland is in danger of losing its individuality under the standardising influence of London and, dismayed at the prospect of ultimate submergence, Mr. MacCormick demands that Scotland should realise its potentialities of nationhood, its true function as a nation to 'live its own life, to develop in its own way and thus to make its own unique contribution to the life of mankind'. This 'unique contribution' I suppose to be decorated with a sprig of heather and handed over with due ceremony to the waiting peoples of the earth.

However, the proposal seems to hold much more for Scotland than for mankind. It is said that it should come at a time when the whole world is questioning the worth of nationalities, boundaries and local traditions. If Scotsmen are dismayed that their country should become wholly merged in England, what must be their devastation at the idea of that greater merger, the World State to which modern thought is directed as the alternative to chaos? Yet they need have no fear; all that is best of Scotland can take a full share in the great reconstructive effort now before humanity without the aid of closed doors and an inflated national ego. Bagpipes and haggis may indeed become

no more than a 'dim legend in the minds of men', but the thoughts of Robert Burns will be on their shelves to eternity. Coulsdon

STANLEY D. McDONALD

Economic Ideals of the Middle Ages

Professor Eileen Power, in her zeal to claim a Christian basis for the economic ideals of the Middle Ages (*vide* her lecture of December 12), goes too far when she describes one who tries to make as much profit as possible as making an un-Christian attempt to rise above his fellows. It is only fair to those who take such great risks when trading (I am not one of them) to ask how she reconciles her statement with Our Lord's well-known parable of the Talents, which begins: 'For the Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods'; and ends: 'And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth'. Moreover the penultimate verse is: 'For unto every one that hath shall be given; and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath'. To many of us, Professor Eileen Power's economics are as bad as her appreciation of Christianity.

Southampton

T. N. HOWARD

'Usually Pronounced Foggieloan'

It is Aberchirder that is usually known as Foggieloan (often pronounced as Fogieloan with the 'o' long), not Auchterarder. Strachan is pronounced locally in two syllables as often as in one. Urquhart is pronounced gutturally if the pronouncer is able to do it.

Longside, Aberdeenshire

W. F. G. SCOTT

Helping the Unemployed

In your leading article of December 7, 'An Urgent Social Service', you solicit schemes to extend and co-ordinate recreational, social and occupational facilities for the unemployed. You rightly claim that such should be taken in hand seriously as a national policy backed with public money. You also point out that broadcasting has an important part to play in the great forward development that we may expect in the New Year.

May I then be allowed to submit a proposal? Could we not have a debate on the hydrogenation of coal? If we built twenty plants, each costing £7,000,000, we should be helping the iron and steel trades and would for all time (or our lifetime at any rate) find work for 100,000 miners. I am sure Lord Melchett, of Imperial Chemicals, could take the initiative, and put up a very strong case. He is young and has the necessary enthusiasm and foresight of which Mr. H. G. Wells is an exponent.

Risca

EDDIE WILLIAMS

How Unemployment Insurance Works

(Continued from page 878)

period during which the workmen might well have other temporary resources (savings, property which he could sell, earnings of relations, loans from friends). When those are exhausted and unemployment continues, something different from money doles becomes necessary, for if you give enough money relief to avoid starvation you may make the condition of the unemployed better than that of the employed; or at least so near it as to make men careless about creating unemployment. And whether you give much or little in doles, you leave the unemployed men rotting in idleness. Our pre-War idea was that after one had done what one could in the way of benefit claimable as of right, those who remain unemployed needed and must get something quite different from starvation money doles, must get full maintenance subject to training, subject to conditions which would make them anxious to get back to ordinary work and at the same time better able to work. We cannot make a good job with money doles for prolonged unemployment. We may have to put up with them—with or without a Means Test—this year or next. But we ought not to rest, till, by whatever change is necessary in our industrial system, we have reduced unemployment again to the pre-War level, made unemployment again a matter of temporary intervals between jobs. Some people will say that that can be done only by complete socialism; others will say that it can be done only by true individualism, by restoring real flexibility of wages and industrial methods. One way or other it has to be done. Discussion of the relief of unemployment and the Means Test leads us straight to the fundamental problem, of how we ought to organise the work of the world.

The Cover

The cover design of this week's issue of THE LISTENER is an original woodcut by Clare Leighton. As some of our readers may like to possess proofs signed by the artist we have arranged with Miss Leighton that she should print off a limited number of proofs from the original wood block. These can be had for thirty-one shillings and sixpence each (unmounted) on application to us.

Acts and Hours

A Victorian Childhood

By CHARLES FALKLAND

If I were a publisher, I should seek autobiography, but not as many publishers seek it. A writer who can make an original contribution to the history of public affairs is, of course, a prize; the autobiography of even the dullest Prime Minister would have an enduring value. But I have never been able to understand why publishers are so eager to secure the work of a writer who has no other claim upon the public interest than that he has had frequent superficial contact with the great. Unless it throws new light upon history, a memoir is dull if the writer is dull. Conversely, no matter how obscure the subject of it, a memoir is exciting if its writer is exciting. It happens that the author of the present volume,* being the daughter of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff and afterwards the wife of Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson, has been a member all her life of the great world, and it is open to her to write, if she wishes to do so, an autobiography that could hardly be surpassed in social range. Meanwhile, she has written an account for the manner and simplicity of which there is, as far as I am aware, no precedent, of her own childhood. Its index is rich in great names, but it does not depend for its light upon the reflection of their glory. Nor does it set out to be a 'confession'. It has an air of having been written, with a genuinely aristocratic detachment from all care for its effect upon the mob, for the interest of those who, whether of the author's family or not, might be privately interested in an impression of her early days. For this reason, it is blessedly free from those twin taints of showmanship—timidity and boasting. Its flow is that of good conversation, not of vain prattle. Like good conversation, it sometimes turns aside from narrative to reflection, and often admits little accounts of people and things which a formal autobiographer would have omitted as trivial but which have here an illuminating relevance of their own.

Early in the book there is a chapter on a child's life at Knebworth, which the writer's father had rented from Lord Lytton. The little girl was not happy there:

I did not like brothers. I do not remember it, but one of the early dramas of my life was when I ran for my second brother with a carving knife, caught up from the table. The butler seized me from behind and held my two arms until I dropped it. No doubt my brother richly deserved what I intended for him. The character of the book—its intense individualism—is in that last laconic sentence. 'My whole early life', Mrs. Jackson says, 'was a perpetual fight against authority'. I wish that she had added: '—and for the rights of the individual imagination', for this was the true nature of her struggle and of the struggle of all children, Victorian or modern. As we grow older, even though imagination may remain active, producing, in poetry or politics or dreams, the works of the imagination, our imaginative processes become gradually separate from our lives, and we say (believing our maturity to be wise) 'this is real; that is imagined'. In children there is often an identification of the imagined with the 'real', so that sometimes they seem to us inspired, sometimes possessed, and sometimes—when we are fools—merely liars; and it is well for us to remember, when a child infuriates us by seemingly gratuitous lying, that lies are never gratuitous. They may be caused by fear, by greed, or by a perverted sense of humour; in that case, it is our business to distinguish their cause and, if possible, to remove it. But if a child's lie seem to us causeless, then we must beware how we punish the ass, lest it prove to have the vision of Balaam's:

I remember seeing a little round house with a thatched roof. When I went round it, I could not find a way in. I was very excited and went and told Adrian about it. He also saw the little house and we were just going to try to get in when the nursery-maid called us and we had to leave it and go in for tea. The next day we started out for the house and there was no house there, and we never found it again.

All Mrs. Jackson's narrative is in language of this undecorated and eloquent plainness. She has the merit, extremely rare in those who write of their early days, of not patronising or playing down to her own childhood. No child who has not been taught by sentimental elders to act a part sees himself as

a character in one of Mr. Milne's rhymes. A child's life is serious, containing ambitions, passions and wonders not to be smiled at, and, when nursery days are over and maturity approaches, love comes like a mysterious tempest, its force prodigious though its origin be unknown. To speak of such love as 'calf-love' is to ride away from truth on an ignorant and cruel facetiousness; no one with the elements of taste in her could commit that spiritual solecism; but it needs more than good taste, it needs almost Rousseau's strength, to write as Mrs. Jackson does of a serious experience of love at the age of eleven. Nothing is, I think, to be gained by giving the man's name. I therefore omit, though Mrs. Jackson includes it:

Few people know how many children all in love and what agonies they suffer. The day I was eleven [this was at Government House, Madras] I became aware of my absorption in Captain _____. I just adored him and wanted to be with him always, and then suddenly came the comprehension: 'This is what people mean when they say they are in love'. The inevitable happened and he fell in love with me and for six months more our idyll endured, unsuspected by anyone, carefully protected by the Indian servants with their genius for intrigue, a beautiful thing, however foolish it may have been on my part and wrong on his. Looking back—it is nearly fifty years ago—I marvel at the passion a child could feel. . . . Passion undisturbed by the faintest lust. I had not the remotest idea what sex love meant and I cannot be grateful enough that this unique experience was given me. I see now that my lover must have suffered a good deal. Sometimes when he had held me in his arms and kissed me blind, he would suddenly say, 'Run away, quick, quick', and I used to tear off, wondering and very much hurt, and noticing as I went that his face was working horribly and very white. When I was a woman I looked back and understood.

I have quoted the passage at length because it illustrates the quality that distinguishes the whole book, whether the author is describing her early childhood or her Indian days or her pupilage under Miss Beale of Cheltenham—her power to feel imaginatively now as she felt then and to communicate her feeling undiluted by an adult self-consciousness. The story that I have quoted, which Mrs. Jackson pursues up to the child's agonised separation from the man, has so great a completeness and authenticity that one can see in it the structure of a tale not unworthy to be included by Turgenev with 'First Love' and 'The Torrents of Spring'; and truth is never more remarkable or persuasive than when it presents itself to the reader as material for a masterpiece of fiction. For a master's fiction is a purification of truth, while in autobiography truth is generally choked with the dross of avoidance or affectedness. One is not asked to applaud or to condemn the child who appears in Mrs. Jackson's volume; but one is enabled to know her even as she knew herself. And she is so well worth knowing that if ever I have a grandchild who, in years to come, rashly contemplates writing a novel with its scene in late Victorian or in Edwardian days, I shall command him to seek her acquaintance before he takes up his pen. She will make nonsense of the delusion, which is even now to be observed among modern writers who accept a conventional view of their mother's generation, that these mothers were all cut in a pattern of unadventurous and sentimental docility. This strange legend would, of course, be dispelled if these modern writers would read their Meredith and descend to distinguish between the Meredithian heroine, who did exist, and the Thackerayan heroine who, as poor Thackeray, with his rebellious eye on the proprieties knew too well, did not. And if any should seek to understand the wilful devilmint, the rash intolerance, the dictatorial charm of Meredith's women and should ask from what origins they sprang, he will find a clear hint in this child. Here in embryo—I would rather say in completed miniature—was the young gentlewoman of quality of King Edward's days, a lady upon whose wit the Meredithian edge was still sharp, passionate and unsparing in her judgments, swept by prejudice from extreme to extreme, but never rooted in any prejudice of the mob, having in her brilliance, for good and for evil, the last flash of that feminine tyranny which was a delight and a torment and a decoration until universal suffrage and the tabloid Press made equal fools of us all.

Books and Authors

The Day Before Yesterday

Life of Joseph Chamberlain. Vol. I. By J. L. Garvin. Macmillan. 21s.

The Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith. 2 Vols. By J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith. Hutchinson. 36s.

Battle: The Life Story of the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. By Hugh Martin. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.

No Phantoms Here. By James Lansdale Hodson. Faber. 7s. 6d.

A Candle to the Stars. By W. R. Titterton. Grayson. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

I AM going to ask you to go back with me to a far-off and forgotten age. Now, I do not mean the Stone Age or the epoch of the cave men. You know all about them—a lot more in fact than there is to know. When you find people filling up half their history with prehistoric man you may be sure that they are frightened of history. Or again, you would know all about it if it were something very remote indeed, like Tutankhamen or the building of the Great Pyramid—especially that very large part of the population who believe themselves to be the reincarnations of an Egyptian princess. But I wish to deal with one epoch in history that hardly anybody does deal with, and that is what may be symbolically called the day before yesterday. It is the story that is not new enough to be news, but is still too new to be a normal part of the educational study of the past. There is a great gap between the place where all the histories stop and the place where all the newspapers begin. It is a time which all old men can remember, which most elderly men can partly remember, but which practically all young men grow up entirely ignoring—which is a pity because this very recent past has much to do with the present. I will not say that it describes the early life of living politicians, for that would be libel, but it would enlighten the young enormously to know what politicians were like, for even politicians were once young.

I have before me several books of political biography of this period, and notably two, the first volume of Mr. Garvin's *Life of Joseph Chamberlain* and *The Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by Mr. J. A. Spender and Mr. Cyril Asquith.

Now, first let me remember what speakers and writers too often forget, that we are most of us of different ages. To me much of these books is memory; to most of you it will be merely history. Some of you may remember, as I do, the South African War. Some of you, older than I, may even remember the Egyptian War. Some of you, younger than I, may chiefly remember the Great War, and some of you may be so very young that you only remember going off the Gold Standard or forming the National Government, and in that case to you I am only Uncle Ananias conducting the Children's Hour. According to how far back our memory goes will be our realisation of certain very extraordinary things, especially in the different attitudes and reputations of politicians. Now politicians have no politics; you and I have politics; poets and greengrocers and burglars have politics; but politicians have no politics and stand for startlingly different political ideas. There is no tale so full of tragic irony as that told in this admirable *Life of Asquith*, for those who can remember as I can not only the Great War, the end of his career, but the South African War almost at the beginning of it. Let us take those two conflicts as determining dates. Some of you, I say, are young enough to remember the Great European War as the central thing in your lives. Now, you will remember that Asquith and his friends were attacked by a violent and, I think, vulgar campaign of Jingo journalism which began by accusing Lord Haldane of treason for having called Germany his spiritual home, sneered even at the moderation of Edward Grey and represented Asquith as a senile person whose fixed military maxim for waging a war was 'Wait and See'. Well, finally they overthrew Asquith and substituted Lloyd George. That is the story—not to my taste a very edifying story—which you will remember if you chiefly remember the Great War. But it is a very much more extraordinary story to those who, like Mr. Spender, the biographer of Asquith, and myself, vividly remember the South African War. For those Liberals who in 1916 were, as their enemies said, driven out from office for being unpatriotic, were the very same men who, as they would have said, were once very nearly driven from the Liberal Party for being patriotic. I was always pro-Boer and pro-Irish, but some Liberals disagreed with us and they formed what was called the Liberal Imperialist Party. Now those Liberal imperialists, especially and almost exclusively the Liberal imperialists, were those who were attacked at a later time by the imperialistic press. Haldane, who was specially picked out as a Germanised traitor, had in fact been so strong a British imperialist as to be regarded as a dangerous British militarist. Asquith, who was jeered at in the end as if he had been a kind of pacifist, had always been in fact so strong a Liberal imperialist that many of us thought he was too much of an imperialist to be a Liberal. I remember being a pro-Boer in the Boer War, and for us

Asquith and Haldane and Grey were insolent triumphant imperialists. Yet I lived to see them driven from office and pelted by a Jingo mob as shuffling Quakers who would have sold the pass to the enemy. Well, you may look at it one way or the other. You may say that these truly imperial statesmen, aristocratic or scholarly men, were martyred by a mob of short-sighted demagogues shouting for the hanging of the Kaiser. Or you may say, with a touch of malice perhaps, that they jolly well deserved what they got for having yielded to the Jingo mob of the Boer War, when that same Jingoism recoiled on them and smashed them in the Great War. But taken every way it is a very strange and ironical story, and I doubt if nine people out of ten have ever thought of it, unless indeed they have read the *Life of Lord Oxford*. The most ironical part of it, of course, was that Mr. Lloyd George, who had been called a traitor in the Boer War, was dumped on top of them all as the one quite unquestionable patriot.

Here is another very astonishing reversal, this time from Mr. Garvin's *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*. I have said more than once that I remember the Boer War. I remember being a pro-Boer, which meant being rather more unpopular than a Boer, and I remember that the one word of magic, I might say of black magic—certainly of black anger and vengeance and popular hatred—was the word 'Majuba'. Everybody knows that the Boers had defeated the British at Majuba, but what was furiously denounced was the fact that we had retired instantly after the defeat. That, everybody said, seemed obvious cowardice to the Boers. That, everybody said, was obvious treason to the British Empire and the British prestige. Gladstone was more and more abused at this time, but most of all for having pursued what was called a policy of scuttle after the disgrace of Majuba. But with the imperialistic movement of the time of Kipling and Rhodes, above all with the great imperialist Joseph Chamberlain at the Colonial Office, all would be different. All indeed was different. Joseph Chamberlain was very different. But what nobody seems to know is that Joseph Chamberlain was very different from Joseph Chamberlain. Having myself lived through all that imperialist boom when Chamberlain was the imperial statesman who would avenge Majuba, who would wipe out Majuba, who would show the beastly Boers what he would have done after Majuba—judge of my astonishment, judge of my astounded trance of wonder, when I read in Mr. Garvin's book that Joe Chamberlain himself was entirely in favour of scuttling after Majuba, and that Gladstone was rather against it!

Now this sort of thing is very extraordinary. It is all the more extraordinary because Chamberlain was accused of inconsistency when he was far more consistent. I think on the whole Mr. Garvin does show that he was as consistent about Ireland as a Midland manufacturer could be about something that he understood rather less than the other side of the moon, but in my youth poor Joe was called 'Judas' and pelted with every charge of betrayal because he had once been a rather moderate Home Ruler and revolted when Gladstone became a more extreme Home Ruler. But I lived through the whole of the pro-Boer struggle to the extent of fighting with imperialists in the street (one of them annexed my watch) and I never heard one single word upon that astonishing contradiction in Chamberlain's career—the fact that he waged a war to avenge the retreat after Majuba and had himself been in favour of that retreat. If you had told that to any of the Jingo mobs with whom I fought they would not have believed it. If you had told that to Joseph Chamberlain in that hour apparently he could not have denied it.

What strikes me as startling in these political memoirs is the way in which one small detail blows up twenty years afterwards. Everybody said everything that was absurd against Asquith at the time of the Great War, but nobody said a word about what had been said against him at the time of the Boer War. Any number of people argued as to whether Chamberlain had been more or less of a Home Ruler than Gladstone, but nobody, in the height and heat of the Chamberlain persecution of pro-Boers, ever mentioned that Chamberlain had been the pro-Boer and Gladstone the imperialist, relatively speaking, at the supreme moment of Majuba.

It looks as if we do not know much about history, and least of all about recent history. Both of these long biographies are inti-

mately and temperately written, but for me they raise more questions than they settle. I remember the Chamberlain of the Boer War. If I were only ten years further on in senile decay I should remember the Chamberlain of three acres and a cow, the Chamberlain who was a republican, a revolutionary, a fire-brand and an enemy of society—in short, a much better man than he ever was afterwards. As I should sympathise with Chamberlain in his first struggle, I should sympathise with Asquith in his last struggle, but I still think that the two Asquiths and the two Chamberlains have very little in common. Perhaps a better style of biography is to take the whole thing in one romantic rush, as does Mr. Hugh Martin in his book called *Battle: A Biography of Mr. Winston Churchill*. I have forgotten how many times Mr. Winston Churchill has changed from one Party to the other, but I do honestly agree that I think he has been consistent in a sense in which more subtle men have not been. It no longer matters on which side of the House a man sits. Mr. Martin's book shows an enthusiasm I cannot wholly share, but it is something nowadays to find a man enthusiastic for anything, even a politician. It reminds me of the girl in Belloc's book who was 'at the age when a woman can be fond of anything, even Tommy Galton, let alone a parrot'. I am glad that Mr. Martin is at the age when he can be fond of something. His book comes with much more of a rush of artistic achievement than these long, detailed biographies, and I sometimes wonder whether the solution may be found not in long lives of men when they are dead but in very short snapshots of men while they are living. Mr. Churchill is still alive. It is not a party question nor merely controversial to

say he is alive. But a whole book dedicated to him may yet be a little out of balance. I have rather come back to thinking that the artistic method is to make living pictures at the moment, and let them anticipate these belated discoveries in mere detail.

Speech

The robin's whistled stave

Is tart as half-ripened fruit;

Wood-sooth from bower of leaves

The blackbird's flute;

Shrill-small the ardent wren's;

And the thrush, and the long-tailed tit—

Each hath its own apt tongue,

Wild, harsh, or sweet.

The meanings they may bear

Is long past Man's to guess—

What sighs the wind, of the past,

In the wilderness?

He too in as ancient words

His thoughts may pack,

But if they no music have,

Their soul they lack.

Oh, never on earth was bird,

Though perched upon Yggdrasil tree,

Nor instrument echoing heaven

Made melody strange as he;

Since even his happiest speech

Cries of his whither and whence,

And in mere sound secretes

His inmost sense.

WALTER DE LA MARE

say he is alive. But a whole book dedicated to him may yet be a little out of balance. I have rather come back to thinking that the artistic method is to make living pictures at the moment, and let them anticipate these belated discoveries in mere detail.

There have been two good examples of this method published lately. I put an excellent gallery of portraits called *No Phantoms Here*, by Mr. James Lansdale Hodson, first, out of a craven fear that you should accuse me of egoism in pushing the other, which is by a friend of mine and contains, alas! a mention of myself. But Mr. Hodson's book is very interesting and perhaps follows the spotlight of current discussion even better than the other. Nevertheless I will take the opportunity of specially recommending the other, *A Candle to the Stars*, by Mr. W. R. Titterton, because I really do think it inaugurates a new method which may turn out to be the right way of dealing with personalities as they pass so rapidly into this complete oblivion, this oblivion which covers not only those that are dead but the earlier lives of nearly all of them who are alive. Mr. Titterton uses a dozen different methods quite freely, sometimes dialogue, sometimes disquisition of his own, anecdotes, transcripts of actual statements, but by this he makes up a personality as a portrait painter makes a

portrait. I cannot help thinking it would have been better if somebody had done this for the young Joseph Chamberlain when he was alive, instead of Mr. Garvin having to do it nearly twenty years after he is dead. If only we could have got Chamberlain in those glorious days when he told the truth by calling Disraeli a liar, and wanted English peasants to own their own farms! Everything after that was an anticlimax.

Causes of the Great War

The Road to Ruin in Europe. By Sir Raymond Beazley. Dent. 3s. 6d.

SIR RAYMOND BEAZLEY'S LITTLE BOOK appears to be in the nature of a prelude to a comprehensive study, on which he has been engaged for many years, of the War-causes. It is a tiny book—only eighty-seven pages in all. But there is enough in it and in the appended notes and bibliography to set anyone of a studious and critical nature upon a course of reading and meditation which might occupy as many years as Sir Raymond has devoted to his chosen subject. Our author's motive appears on the first few pages: it is a desire to explode the 'theory of exclusive, horrible, unprecedented German war guilt—of a Germany ceaselessly plotting, immediately causing, and brutally conducting a savage and treacherous attack against unprepared, unsuspecting innocents'. His reason for directing so terrific an onslaught upon this extreme theory of Prussian militarism (which is no longer held by anyone who counts) is that he holds it responsible for the Peace Treaty and for most of the economic, social and political miseries of the post-War world. Its exact opposite, to which he does not refer, is that the German people in July, 1914, were a flock of innocent sheep who, while grazing and ruminating upon the pacific philanthropy of their great poets and philosophers, were suddenly set upon by hungry packs of French and Russian wolves. The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes; and Sir Raymond Beazley's book, even if in the opinion of many it removes too much of the responsibility from the rulers of Germany and Austria, is nevertheless stimulating and suggestive. The method adopted, especially in Chapter 3, which starts with the Serajevo murders, is to throw the argument into the form of questions—often leading questions, which suggest the required answers. The general impression produced is, I think, correct: namely, that the Governments of Serbia, Austria, Germany, Russia and France all made essential contributions to the catastrophe. What was the precise share of each, every reader of the documents may decide for himself, and considerable diversities of opinion would probably be tolerated by an omniscient and impartial judge. Towards the end of the War I worked on the subject with the late Earl Loreburn; and I venture to think that his book, *How the War Came*, approximates to the truth, not only on the problem of war guilt, but on the even more important question whether the War could and should have been avoided. Loreburn held—and I speak with a vivid recollection of many conversations with

him—not only that any one of the five Powers (starting with Serbia), which were directly responsible, could have prevented it, but also that it might have been averted by British diplomacy. He recognised that the secret naval and military conversations and our undefined commitments to France and Russia had queered the pitch; but, even after Serajevo and the Austrian ultimatum, would there have been a world war if we had made it clear that Great Britain would remain neutral, unless the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg were violated? There are passages in Sir Raymond Beazley's book which suggest that he would have favoured an Anglo-German alliance instead of an Anglo-French entente. But Loreburn was opposed fundamentally to the whole policy of entangling alliances with military Powers on the Continent, or with any engagement which might involve us in a continental war. We might condemn Germany, as most people do, for annexing Alsace-Lorraine after the war of 1870, or condemn France, as Sir Raymond Beazley seems to do, for scheming to recover the lost provinces. But why should the British nation, its happiness and prosperity, be ruined in a quarrel which was not ours? That question remains unanswered; and we are still exposed to another war by the Locarno Pact, which contains no guarantee against an attack on Great Britain and the British Empire, or any prospect in that event of assistance from either France or Germany. When the big book, which Sir Raymond Beazley promises us, makes its appearance, I shall read it with keen interest to see how he answers such questions as these, and on what lines he would have directed British diplomacy.

F. W. HIRST

A biography of Lord Buckmaster, who took part in the broadcast debate on 'Divorce' which we publish on another page of this issue, has been compiled by James Johnston in the form of selections from Lord Buckmaster's speeches on various topics. The book, which is entitled *An Orator of Justice* (Nicholson and Watson, 15s.), is divided into sections, 'The Statesman', 'The Reformer', 'The Lover of Justice', and 'The Humanist', thus showing clearly the many different progressive and humanitarian causes which Lord Buckmaster has aided by his eloquence at different stages of his career.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Lyric Plays. By Gordon Bottomley. Constable. 5s. MR. GORDON BOTTOMLEY (and this title seems most fitting for a poet, though his publishers remind us unnecessarily that he can lay claim to a more ornamental one) finds his spiritual home in Scotland and in those Border legends that were the discovery and the delight of Bishop Percy, Scott, Ritson and John Leyden five generations ago. They explored the mine; he, like the true artificer, selects the quartz, refines it, and shapes it to things of wonder and beauty. Those who read the similar series of dramas, *Plays and Scenes*, published a year ago, will go with confidence to this new collection of *Lyric Plays*. They combine triumphantly, as no other poet has succeeded in doing, a classical unity, compactness, and intensity with all the mystery and picturesqueness of romance. The form in which the plays are cast is based on that of the *Nō* plays of Japan, dating from the thirteenth century. As Mr. Bottomley adapts it, they convey no suggestion of an ancient or foreign origin; all we feel is that the something new and unfamiliar is perfectly suited to its purpose of presenting a tense dramatic situation, involving it may be a lengthy period of time, though past events—the roots and springs of the tragedy—are recalled only by the speakers' recollections in this present moment of their fruition. The situations and emotions displayed are unusual and poignant—the products of a poet's vision; and it is the wizardry of the poet that makes them acceptable even when they are most remote from common experience, makes them indeed more real and persuasive than the affairs of common life. Greatly venturing, the author uses lyrical verse chiefly, of various metres, irregularly rhymed; sometimes he adopts a libertine blank verse, which now and then refuses scansion, and is, it must be confessed, rather a bleak prose; it suffices for its needs; it gives relief; it brings us back to stark reality. Occasionally we feel the transition too rapid. The lyrical passages are often of haunting beauty, though always kept rigidly to their primary office of interpretation; and the ear, lulled by such melody, is a little affronted by the sudden drop into a bald and prosaic measure. A reverse effect is experienced, and still more forbiddingly, where a mood of deep preoccupation engendered by a tragic situation is shattered by the intrusion of a jingling rhymed dialogue, as occurs in 'Marsaili's Weeping'. But patience and delight are only seriously taxed in 'Suilven and the Eagle', where the eight women impersonating the still, silent, and homogeneous Mountain Mist break into a sequent hubbub of voices that printed fill a horrid page-and-a-half of print, and must prove trying to actors and audience. If these are blemishes, the plays remain the noblest contribution to poetic drama in our day.

How to Look at Buildings

By Darcy Braddell. Methuen. 6s.

The Appreciation of Architecture

By Robert Byron. Wishart. 5s.

'Public opinion, gentle reader, means you. And if public opinion is to be effective, it means that you shall be gentle no longer.' This sentence out of Mr. Byron's *Appreciation of Architecture* sums up the purpose of both these excellent handbooks on architecture, which is to rouse the public. Gentility does not avail. We must become critical. Both books give you the means whereby to become intelligently critical. Mr. Braddell believes in catching his public young, and gives it a very well-planned exposition of the fundamentals of architecture, from aesthetics down to the meaning of the most used technical terms. A fine architect himself, he is equally well equipped to approach the subject from both these sides, and he sets forth his points in a very clear and precise manner. Indeed the only fault one can find with his style is that it is too much that of the textbook for schools, but as it is meant to introduce the young reader to a new subject, it is to be hoped that it will be used in schools. It is most important that the young generation should be made aware of the role of architecture in civic life, and parents may be recommended to take their children the 'bus-ride recommended by Mr. Byron, with Mr. Braddell's book in hand. Both authors lay stress on that important aspect of urban layout, good manners in architecture, a term first coined by Mr. Trystan Edwards, which has now become current. Both authors also deal critically and sensibly with the claims of the traditionalists and the functionalists.

By devoting a chapter to the importance of climatics and light in architecture and to the difficult question of the undeniable connection between aesthetic and historical factors, Mr. Byron clears the ground for the chief purpose of his book. He divides architecture into the two categories of static and mobile design, and illustrates his meaning by well-chosen pictures. He does not lay down the law, however, and merely puts forward his theory as a useful one for the sake of clarity, pointing out that the two categories sometimes meet even in the same work.

For all its new name, a truth need not be new as long as it is rediscovered and used convincingly. Mr. Byron's two criteria of good art have been used under other names before; they have been defined as classical and romantic, static and dynamic, abstraction and empathy (Worringer) and in several other ways. From all these definitions it emerges that there is polarity in art as in life, and their value lies in the fact that they make us see that apparently opposite and conflicting styles are really only the two poles of one thing, good art. Therefore we must not condemn too readily what at the moment seems out of harmony with our temperament as long as the work is recognised as good by either of the two standards. Criticism becomes constructive when it gives us a criterion to use for ourselves, and this book will serve a good purpose and will perhaps make architects themselves more tolerant in their valuation of each other if they realise that they have merely got hold of the opposite ends of the same stick.

Handbook to the University of Oxford

Oxford University Press. 5s.

This book is altogether too good to be described by the humdrum title its unnamed editor has given it. It is certainly one of the most interestingly written, beautifully produced, and inexpensive 'serious' books that has appeared this season. Its purpose is to give in short compass an 'accurate, intelligible and authoritative' account of the great and complex University of Oxford. It achieves that object. It is intended primarily to supply the needs of those men and women who propose to become members of the University, and to help them to make plans with some understanding of the University and college system, and some knowledge of the methods and resources of teaching, and of social and athletic customs; it will also serve as a convenient book of reference during their period of residence. Sir Charles Mallet gives an account of the history of the University. Miss Grier writes on women's education, Sir Francis Wylie on the Rhodes scholars, Mr. Cyril Bailey on the tutorial system, Dr. C. K. Allen on college life, Mr. Hinshelwood on science, Dr. Stallybrass on sport, Canon Barry on religion, and Sir Michael Sadler on callings and careers. There are, in addition, chapters on the subjects of study and research, the libraries and museums, music and architecture, and the activities of the Oxford Preservation Trust and the newly-formed Oxford Society. The latter half of the book is devoted to an exposition of rules, expenses, and relevant matter of that kind, pertaining both to the University and to the separate college and societies. From this the reader can gain a good idea of what the total expense of his stay at the University is likely to reach; he may have his ambition fired by the number of scholarships, exhibitions, prizes and other distinctions which are available to the swift. The book is suitably illustrated by four maps and beautifully enhanced by more than twenty plates.

The writers have, on the whole, covered their ground well. They have steered admirably between the 'rot' one can so easily write about Oxford and the heavy manner which permeates the official books of regulations. The contributions of Dr. Stallybrass and of Dr. Allen will probably make the widest appeal to readers. The former says about games exactly what the majority of readers would like to know; the latter has the best subject. He does it well, but with some restraint: those who know him wish that he had done it even better. The illustrations suffer just a little from an overdose of Ingram's *Memorials*. The photographs, especially those by Mr. Weaver, are so good that it is a pity in one or two cases they do not displace the older prints. Neither the Ingram interior of St. Mary's nor of the front of Christ Church is specially beautiful or even interesting. Photographs of the newly fashioned interior of the former and of the magnificent 'built-up' effect of the South front of the latter would not only demonstrate that photography can now beat the older-fashioned art, but would emphasise that the inner town of Oxford, by contrast with its suburbs, is becoming more and more beautiful with the passing of the years.

The Passing of the Black Kings. By H. M. Hole
Philip Allan. 15s.

The New Boer War. By L. Barnes
Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

In *The Passing of the Black Kings* Mr. Marshall Hole gives a lucid account of the conditions of native life immediately prior to the white man's advent and following the first period of contact between the two races, in the territories of Africa, now known as Barotseland, Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia. He has made by this a very useful addition to current literature on the African racial problem. At one time Civil Commissioner of Bulawayo, Mr. Hole writes from personal experience of over forty years, and he succeeds in making one vividly aware

of what the oncoming of the white man meant to these native people, and to those three outstanding kings, Khama the Christian convert of Bechuanaland, Lewanika of the Barotse, and Lobengula the Matabele despot. It is this feeling for the native side of the picture that gives the book its particular value. The very success of this major part of the book, however, makes one wonder at its deficiencies elsewhere. When he starts to weigh motives and final issues, Mr. Hole is seriously unjudicial. He seems to assume British control to be inevitably the best thing for the African peoples. The designs of other Europeans than British in the race for territory are 'insidious'; while those in England concerned for the welfare of the native people are the 'cranks at home'. His acceptance of the time-honoured criticism of Dr. Philip at the Cape and his 'small party of fanatical extremists' is not to be excused since the publication five years ago of Macmillan's *The Cape Colour Question*, which reveals the justice of Dr. Philip's strictures, and the caution with which he approached his final conclusions that forced him to fight for the rights of the Cape native people.

Mr. Leonard Barnes, on the other hand, in *The New Boer War* reviews the problem of native development in South Africa, if with devastating condemnation of much that now exists, yet with very definite proposals for what could and what should be done. His thesis is that to Great Britain there still lies an opportunity—surrendered complacently at the time when self-government was granted to the Union of South Africa—to strike a blow for native rights in South Africa and to give an irresistible impetus to their struggle for prosperity and emancipation. He pleads, in fact, for the vigorous application of the Mandates principle, so markedly constructive and successful in Tanganyika, to these 'protectorates' that by the Treaty of Versailles do not come beneath the scrutiny of the League of Nations. Apart from his vivid plea for this action, the unique value of Mr. Barnes' book is the detailed survey he gives of the economic and administrative conditions of the three High Commission territories. This survey is the result of personal investigation made within the last two years; and such a complete picture as he makes could be given by no one but himself or the two other investigators who accompanied him—Mr. W. G. Ballinger and Miss M. Hodgson, of the Witwatersrand University. Their investigations have been pioneer work.

About the soundness of Mr. Barnes' conclusions no one who has any real knowledge of South Africa can disagree. Some of his recommendations one would perhaps extend. He does not, for example, give full value to the possibility of positive organisation among the rural natives of the Union. He pins his faith to the natives of the towns. But the lucidity of *The New Boer War* and the vigour of its plea must make it serve as a valuable weapon to help those who work in the cause.

William of Orange. By G. J. Renier. Davies. 5s.

This is a life of William III, King of England, and not, as one might almost have expected from the title, of his ancestor and Motley's hero, William the Silent. It is in every way a necessary and welcome volume. William III has been too long a victim of party and religious prejudice. Mr. Renier, availing himself of the work of Dutch scholars, has cleared away the cobwebs which have obscured the meaning of so much that William stood for and did. He has done this by describing clearly his position in the Dutch Republic before he became King of England, and by showing that the overmastering passion of his life was the reduction of Louis XIV's military ambitions, which from 1670 onwards did indeed threaten Europe with political and religious slavery. On this last point, indeed, Mr. Renier has but followed Macaulay, whose reading of William's character and aims has only been confirmed by later research.

The inheritor of a name dear to the Dutch people, William III spent his fatherless childhood and youth under a cloud, because the rulers of the Republic, more particularly the 'Regents' of the Province of Holland, dreaded a repetition of the dynastic and political intrigues of his father and grandfather, which had nearly plunged the peace-loving and mercantile state into war. Besides, William's mother was Charles II's sister, and it was feared that the Stuart connection might be used to raise the House of Orange to a position of despotic power. As a matter of fact, after his mother's departure for England in 1660, the influences around William were wholly Dutch, and though he never became intimate with his 'Regent' tutors, John De Witt and the rest, he was at heart as Dutch as they. When Louis XIV overran the Republic with his armies in the summer of 1672, William, young as he was, was able to rally the country on the high tide of an Orange revolution, and refuse the humiliating French terms of peace. Thenceforward he took the lead in the foreign affairs of the Republic and pursued his course of relentless opposition to France. Without exaggerating the merits of 'the Protestant herd', Mr. Renier has revealed the full strength and grandeur which formed the basis of William's much maligned private character. 'If ever', as he says, 'there was justification for using the word "soul", it is in writing about him'. Ill and suffering, possessing none of the warm joy of life, which has carried other great men through times of stress, it was by

sheer faith that God had chosen him to be His instrument to establish the 'international equilibrium' in Europe that he fought his way forward, overcoming the pacific tendencies of the Dutch oligarchy, the provincialism of his German allies, and at last the party passions of Whigs and Tories in England, in order that 'the Common Cause' as he called it, might go forward. Mr. Renier has also made clear the true position between William and his wife, Mary Stuart, daughter of James II. Now that Mary's diaries as well as her letters are available to the historian, there can be no excuse for describing her as William's tool, or for obscuring the full and unreserved conjugal harmony which came to exist between this reserved and melancholy man and loyal and tender-hearted woman. William died with his work unfinished, but the reign of Anne is its fulfilment. Perhaps Mr. Renier might have given us one glimpse into the years that followed—when Marlborough brought home with joy the harvest that William had sown with so much sorrow and toil.

The Scientific Basis of Evolution

By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Faber. 15s.

No one has ever seen the gene, the material unit of inheritance, which lies in unknown numbers along the chromosomes in every cell of the body; but experiment and rigorous inference have established its existence as solidly as that of the still more inconspicuous electron. Few readers not up-to-date in their genetics will fail to be astonished at the amazingly detailed map of the genes of the four chromosomes of *Drosophila melanogaster*, reproduced on page 76 of this book. In the short space of thirty years that has elapsed since the re-discovery of Mendel's work on heredity, not only have many superstitions and old wives' tales been routed, such as the pre-natal fright theory to account for strange-looking offspring, and the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters, but an enormous amount of verifiable knowledge has been obtained about the various modes of hereditary transmission. This enables us to understand, for instance, that new 'species' may arise not only from mutating genes but also from individuals who have inherited their parental chromosomes in duplicate. There is no room here for Lamarckism or for natural selection, although the latter may still explain why 'chance' variations survive and get distributed over the surface of the globe. It does not, however, throw any light upon the origin of species.

Mutation, best thought of as the appearance of new genes, is now considered to be the most likely way in which new types of animals have arisen. These variations can no longer be regarded as being the product of chance, now that physico-chemical methods are applied to study them. But their causation remains unknown. The recent work on this subject is extensively reviewed by T. H. Morgan, the doyen of American geneticists, in this remarkably able and fascinating book. In addition, the bearing of modern research in physiology, embryology and the chemistry of hormones on the major problems of evolution is discussed at length. Professor Morgan is impatient of the many metaphysical views that have been expressed, not least by biologists, on the significance of evolution. He implies that the doctrine of 'emergence', holism and the attempt to exalt the role of self-regulation and adaptation in the economy of organisms, are inimical to knowledge, because they lead away from the task of explaining behaviour in terms of its simplest physico-chemical components. Morgan writes exceedingly well, and the logic and erudition with which he argues his case will put the philosophers on their mettle. He possesses another claim to distinction: his chapter on the Social Evolution of Man is a model of caution and penetration: he is aware of the need for wide sociological knowledge, as well as a reasoned social ethic, in the discussion of eugenic problems and the future social control of the race. This is a book of rare quality, perhaps the most cogent that has been written on the subject of evolution in the present century.

Good Food. By Ambrose Heath. Faber. 7s. 6d.

Of cookery books there should be no end, and Mr. Ambrose Heath has added a delightful, and even sumptuous one, to the list. *Good Food* is most agreeably bound in a cover that we should never suspect was both washable and waterproof except that it is expressly mentioned. It has pleasant and decorative illustrations and the pages are clearly arranged. The year is dealt with month by month, each month being heralded by a list of the foods in season and its own specialities. The aim of the author is to show 'how easy good cooking can be' (this is too often forgotten) and no less important, 'to demonstrate that it need not be expensive'. By this he means that well-planned meals, such as he aims at providing, work in one with the other so that initial expense becomes final economy. He has written for the 'discerning amateur' and so only supposes the simplest apparatus. The essential condition for success is the willing bestowal of a little time and a little trouble in the preparation of a meal. An axiom, not always appreciated, is that 'food which is in season is the best food of all'. The dishes described derive from various sources so that meals enjoyed abroad, and remembered with joy, may be tasted at home. *Good Food* deserves success.